

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

# DRUMMER

**BAR RAPE!**

EXCLUSIVE EXCERPT

**LEATHERMAN'S  
HANDBOOK III**

C.D. ARNOLD'S  
S&M PLAY

**DELIVERY**

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE!

**DRUMMER'S  
DADDIES**

MORE HOTTEST

**CLASSIFIEDS**

3<sup>95</sup>

ISSUE 57

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"If a man does not keep  
pace with his companions,  
perhaps it is because he  
hears a different drummer.  
Let him step to the music  
which he hears, however  
measured or far away"  
Henry David Thoreau



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## GETTING OFF



You won't find anything, other than in this column, on our pages about the Gay Olympics, being completed in San Francisco as of this writing. But we can report that the games have been a triumph, probably far exceeding the expectations of the founders. The unexpected good-bad luck of having the homophobic U.S. Olympic Committee sue to prevent the use of the "Olympic" name made news coverage all over the world in papers that probably would have otherwise ignored the happening. It would seem it is alright for everyone else to use the name "Olympics" except gays. But there are four years to kick that around in the courts before the next one.

However, the pagentry we saw and photographed for Manifest, the athletes from all over the country and the world, the crowds of gays who came with them and to see them, are a beautiful story well worth telling and remembering.

Our gay leaders were there, representatives from the political world, celebrities, and a few for-real Olympic athletes. The weather was magnificent mostly, the San Francisco sky has been filled with flags, thousands of balloons, rocked with music and crowd noises, and the City was filled, as usual, with people from somewhere else.

Our congratulations to the many who worked hard and long to make this unusual Olympiad the success it was and will continue to be, whatever they end up calling it.

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VOLUME 6/NUMBER 57/OCTOBER 1982

# MALECALL/Dear Sir:

## RUNNING SCARED

I have enjoyed reading your magazine however it no longer fits my lifestyle. Please cancel my *Drummer* subscription and refund my payment for the remaining five issues.

I request that you scratch out, mark through, obliterate and otherwise remove my name and address from your mailing-reference lists. I want to make sure my name is safe from any Government seizure (or copying) of your files. Your most recent issue (#55) confirms there has already been copying of your mailing lists: ref editor's reply to Folsom letter under 'MALECALL/Dear Sir' heading, page 6.

With the current conservative grip on the Federal Government I am certain there will be increased Federal (read FBI, CIA) attempts to create "undesirables" lists of gays and other minorities pressing for social change.

In addition, the *Advocate* newspaper has recently run an expose of FBI activity against gays. The Federal Government is not going to sit still and take this shit. There are going to be repercussions against the *Advocate* and any other publication bold enough to think it can expose government undercover activities and get away with it.

If you think I am scared—you're right. This is not the time for gays to stir up shit and duke it out with government intelligence agencies. This is the time to sit back and wait out the conservative trend. Hopefully Reagan and cronies will be sent back to California after the '84 election.

I appreciate your cooperation in making a refund to me and removing my name and address from your records.

Name Withheld  
Florida

*We are amazed that anyone in this day and age still remains in such a closet of fear as you describe, even in Florida.*

*We are even more dismayed that your approach to this paranoia is to run and hide. The reason that things are vastly improved from ten years ago, let alone twenty, is that gay people have stood up on their hind legs and fought back. Ever hear of Stonewall?*

*The FBI has been muzzled considerably with the exposes of the type that the *Advocate* has printed. They (the *Advocate*) are completely within their rights as publishers in the American society. A philosophy of "sit back and wait it out" will only bring on Orwell's 1984 for sure, maybe even sooner.*

*As for the rip-off of our lists by the group on Folsom; while we consider their actions irresponsible and dishonest, we fail to see how not leveling with our members and subscribers would be*

*a kindness to them.*

*Of course it is easy to sit in San Francisco and write to someone in your part of the country about fear of exposure.*

*We suggest you donate the enclosed refund check for your subscription to someone else who is protecting your rights as an American citizen—like the A.C.L.U., for instance.*

## DADDY WRITER

I think you're on the right track with your 'daddy' series. I met a number of New York guys on a recent trip there who were very into that fantasy. And recent forays of mine to St. Louis, Atlanta, and Ft. Lauderdale brought the same result: father/son is very big. In fact, I was amazed by its prevalence. That type of scene always had its fans, but never as many as today. Charles Silverstein's book, *Man to Man: Gay Couples in America*, goes into the dynamics of it quite extensively, and a shrink once told me that "behind all gay S/M is Daddy."

Luckily, I'm all set for this trend; I have a handkerchief which reads *Call Me 'Boy'*.

T.R. Witomski  
Orlando, FL

(Editor's Note: Mr. Witomski is a contributor to *Drummer* and *Mach* and somewhat of an authority of that on which he speaks. He writes the serial "Letter From a Slavemaster" which appears in each issue of *Mach*.)

## FORESKINS BRAVO

I think it is about time I thank you for publishing my history of foreskin article. You did a terrific job. The editing is good and the page layouts are beautiful. I am sure you are going to have an interesting response from your readers.

When I first started writing about foreskins-circumcision in 1976 I found an incredible resistance to the subject among editors and publishers. That has somewhat changed now, but not entirely. Did you know that the *Advocate* still won't allow the word "foreskin" in its ads? It is on their list of taboo "obscene" words. I mention that only to underscore how much I appreciate *Drummer*.

I especially enjoyed the photo on page 26 (*Drummer* # 54) of the long-haired "Arab" with his sword raised AND his circumcised cock swinging. It illustrates that which I enjoy most about *Drummer*—your all-pervading sense of humor. AND, yes, during my research and "interviews" over the past few years, I have become somewhat of an expert on "comparative trimmings" as well as "comparative coverings." One of the unexpected bonuses of my pro-

ject has been the large number of penises I have been offered for study in relation to possible foreskin restoration, possible circumcision, stretching, etc. Such subject matter could get heavy but, like you, I enjoy it and prefer to approach it with a sense of humor.

Again, thanks to you and your staff.

Bud Berkeley

## FINALLY TURNED ON

When I first began reading men's magazines about five years ago, *Drummer* was one of the few I could count on to have whole—i.e., uncut—men in its pictures and stories. As time went on, that became less true; it also seemed that the emphasis on torture and pain grew unnecessarily large. *Drummer* ceased to stimulate me.

In the past six months or so, I have noticed a change for the better. Bud Berkeley's articles are great, there are always lots of uncut men, and even the gladiator (*Slaves of the Empire*) is learning that men can be tender to each other. And finally to see *Drum's* foreskin!

Keep up the good work.

Jeff Cothran  
San Francisco, CA

## LEATHER FRATERNITY

I am a novice to S&M seeking someone with whom I might serve in the slave role. Being a novice I am unfamiliar with the way the Leather Fraternity operates. Any information you could send me—along with application—would be greatly appreciated. I am specifically interested in how contacts are made (directly or through a 3rd person). Also, being the one seeking servitude, would I receive contacts or would I place them, or both?

P.L.  
Lemont, IL

The LEATHER FRATERNITY, which *DRUMMER* was created originally to service, is a membership organization which includes like-minded men and whose benefits include: A 12 issue first-class subscription to *DRUMMER*, its confidential, infrequent newsletter, twelve issues of classified ads (personal), free mail forwarding, discounts on items from the *STUDSTORE*, password-entry to other levels of the *Drummer Computer Billboard* and whatever else we can think up. The now-closed *Drummer Key Club* in San Francisco was merely a plus, no additional membership fee was charged for member use. Cost of L.F. membership is \$75, actual money value is approximately twice that.

# FUN AT YOUR FAVORITE BAR ON



## A QUIET SUNDAY AFTERNOON

At least once a month we're sure you spot some hot stud bartender handing out brew in a neighborhood leatherbar that gives you a quick case of pounding balls. And if it's prime time (8pm-midnight), we're sure you've asked yourself more than once if you've got the stamina to hang around til closing, when he gets off, on the off-chance that he might invite you to help him count the empty bottles—or something.

That fantasy, getting it on with a hot stud bartender, caught Close Up Productions' eye and they did something about it, a new film called *Tightropes at the Officer's Club*. And when Close Up previewed their new mini-epic for us, it got our attention fast. Here was the perfect set-up: a Sunday afternoon, the bar has just opened, a lone bartender gets the place ready for the early evening onslaught, and in comes a truck driver,

out looking for something or somebody to get into. What does he do? Makes a point of checking out hunky Rod the bartender when he goes to take a leak. One thing leads to another, and our horny driver, Ryder, whips out his own tool to see if the bartender might be interested in chowing down before the rush. We don't know if Ryder knew just what he was getting into, because the bartender had bondage on his mind. The ropes came out from nowhere and Ryder found himself tied down to the long wooden bar quicker than he could say, "Please Sir, Thank You!"

Although Rod is a master at rope and discipline, it seems Ryder is no stranger to the position of being hog-tied and butt fucked. In the middle of his work-over he remembers that just the night before he was on superstud J.W. King's rack, where his balls got battered



"SONOFABITCH  
SURE GETS  
HARD FAST—  
DON'T IT?"



"HEY! GIMME  
MY FUCKIN'  
SHIRT BACK!"



"YER SHIRT?  
HOW ABOUT MY  
SHIRT AND  
PANTS!?"



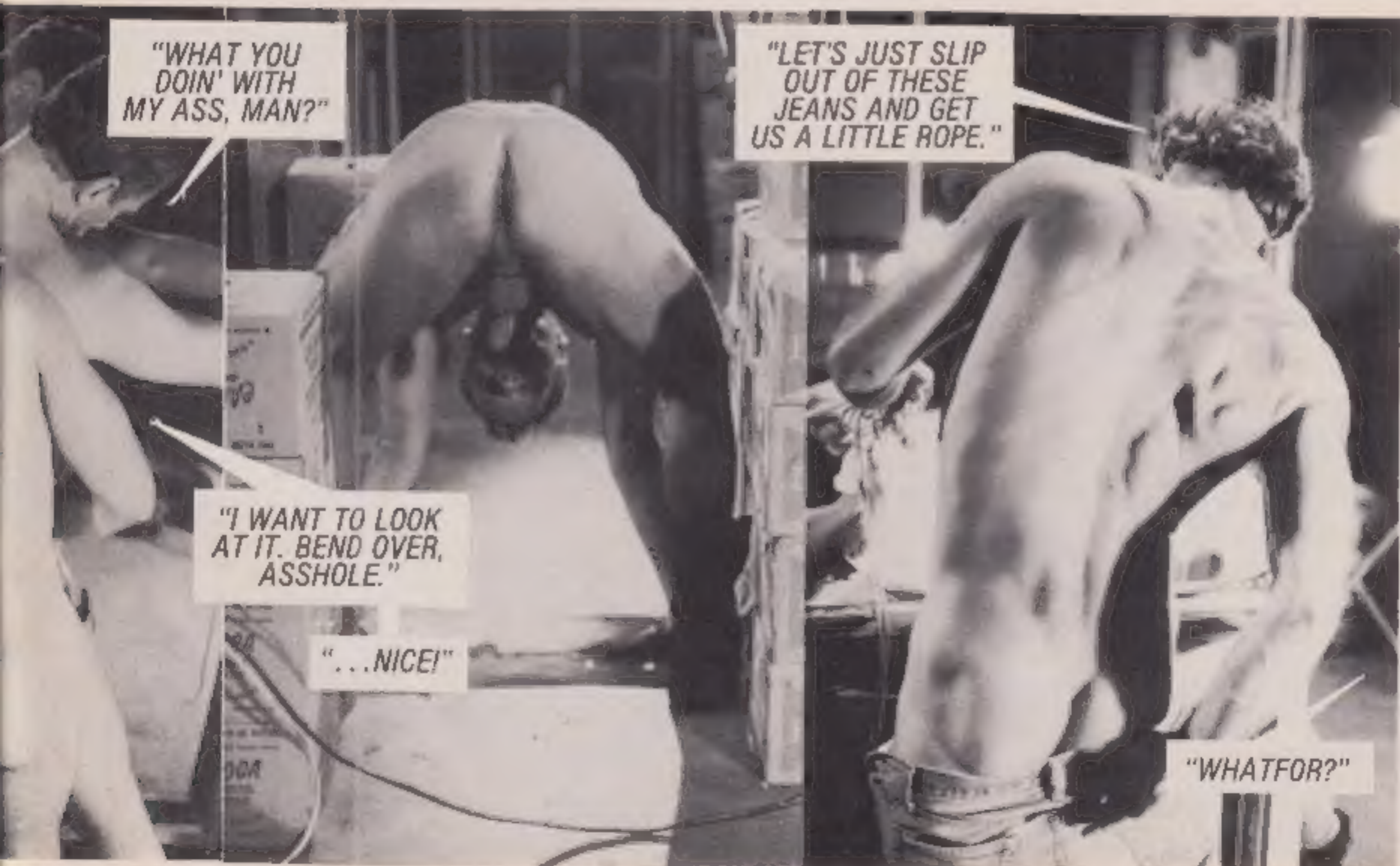
"YEAH"



"I JUST  
HAD A GREAT  
IDEA."

"...GET THE  
REST OF THESE  
RAGS OFF YOU."

"PLEASE,  
SIR!"




"WHAT YOU  
DOIN' WITH  
MY ASS, MAN?"

"LET'S JUST SLIP  
OUT OF THESE  
JEANS AND GET  
US A LITTLE ROPE."


"I WANT TO LOOK  
AT IT. BEND OVER,  
ASSHOLE."

"...NICE!"


"WHATFOR?"

A black and white photograph of a man in a white towel sitting on a bar stool, leaning forward.


"THERE— AIN'T THAT A LOT MORE COMFORTABLE THAN JUST STANDIN' AROUND?"

A black and white photograph of a man in a white towel standing, looking towards the camera.


"YESSIR."

A black and white photograph of a man in a white towel standing, looking towards the camera.


"THANK YOU, SIR"

A black and white photograph of a man in a white towel standing, looking towards the camera.


"DO ALL THE CUSTOMERS GET THIS TREATMENT?"

A black and white photograph of a man in a white towel standing, looking towards the camera.


"NICE PIECE O' MEAT YOU GOT THERE."

A black and white photograph of a man in a white towel lying down, looking towards the camera.


"I GOTTA GO— MY GIRLFRIEND'S WAITING FOR ME."

A black and white photograph of a man in a white towel lying down, looking towards the camera.


"ALL I WANTED WAS A BEER!"

A black and white photograph of a man in a white towel lying down, looking towards the camera.

"LIKE I AM RIGHT NOW— MOTHAFUCKER!"

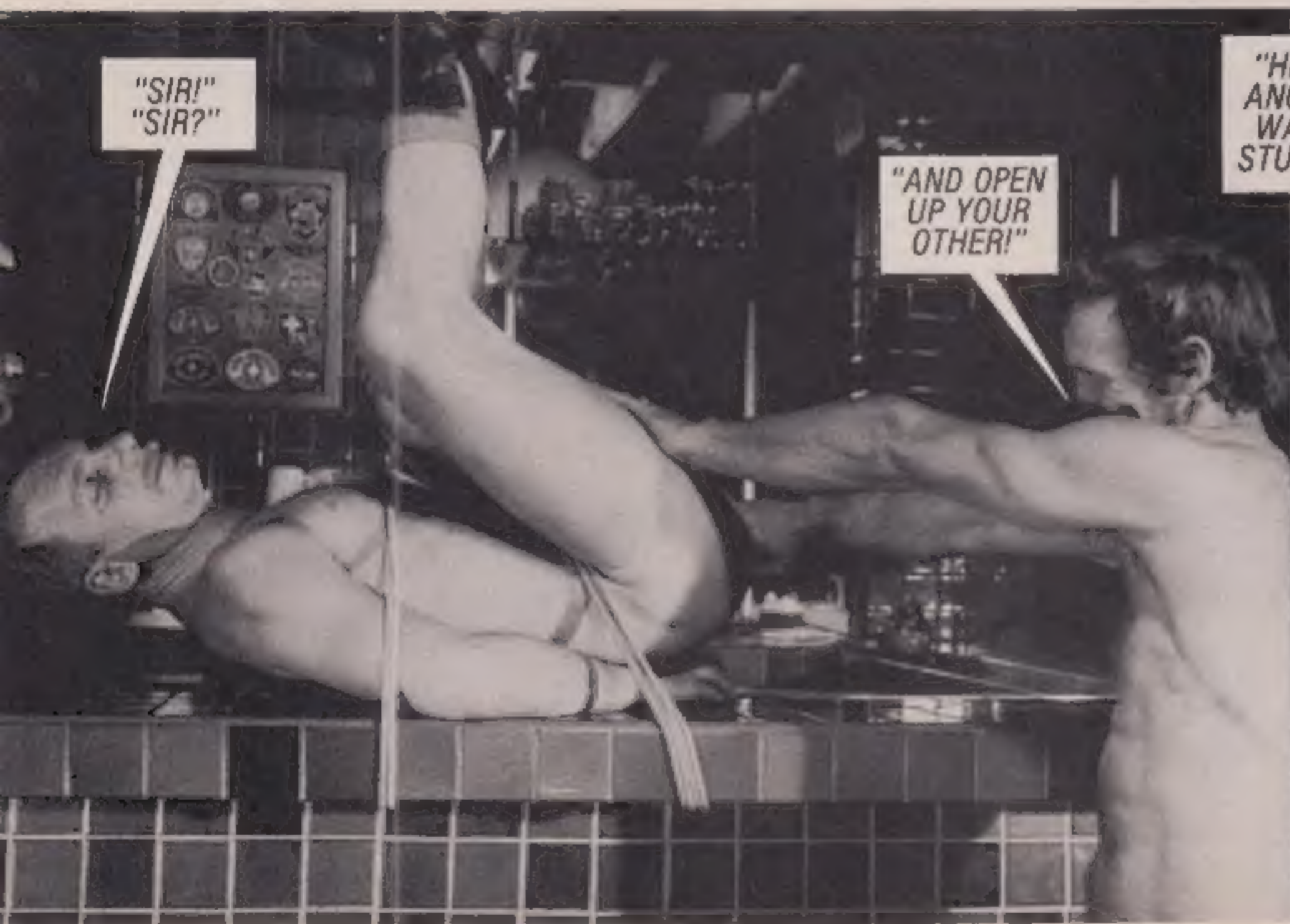
A black and white photograph of a man in a white towel lying down, looking towards the camera.


"LET'S TIE YOU DOWN HERE ON THE BAR SO I CAN USE YOU WHEN I AIN'T BUSY."

A black and white photograph of a man in a white towel lying down, looking towards the camera.

"MY NOSE ITCHES..."

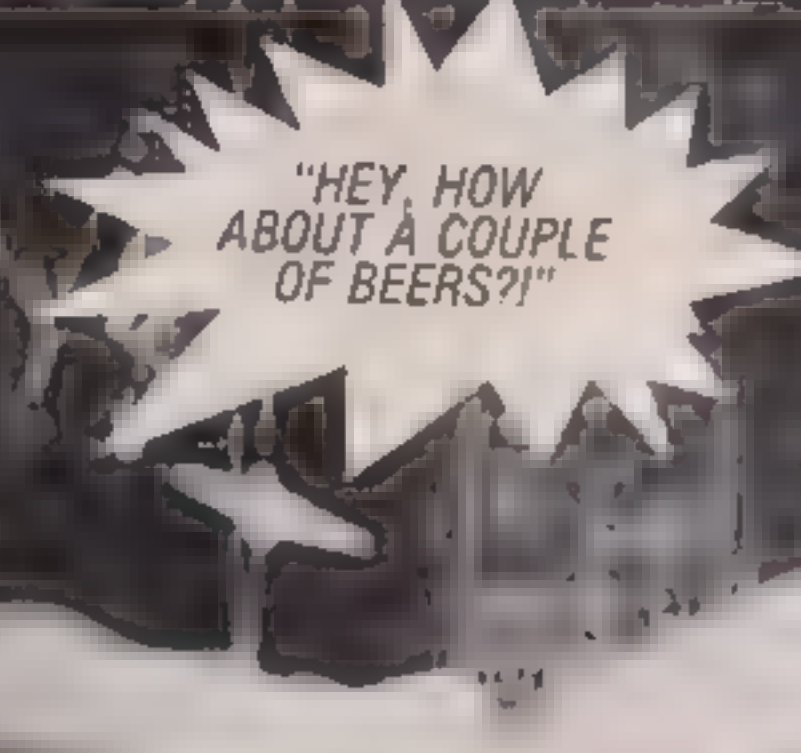







"SHADDUP!  
YOU'RE DIS-  
TURBING THE  
CUSTOMERS!"

"HERE'S  
ONE WAY  
TO SHUT YOUR  
HOLE!"



"HEY, HOW  
ABOUT A COUPLE  
OF BEERS?!"



"SIR?!"

"DAMMIT. JUST  
WHEN I WAS REALLY  
HAVING FUN."



"I SAID I  
WANT A  
GODDAMN  
BEER!"

"MY ASS  
IS COLD!"

"IN JUST  
A MINUTE  
YOU CAN  
HAVE ALL  
THE BEER  
YOU WANT  
FROM THIS—"

"DON'T WORRY,  
I'LL WARM IT UP!"

and his asshole stretched until the early morning hours

Well, we couldn't get all the dialogue down for you (it's hard to write with one hand and keep your dick from slapping you on the chin with the other), so we sorta approximated what we heard. Some of it we just flat out made up when our memory began to fail and our brains were turning to putty. But the stills are real and the action—which is head-on and fast—follows the film.

This is Close Up Productions' second entry in the film marketplace and seems to indicate that these boys are in for a long, long career. Their first film, *The Drifter*, was set on a small ranch where a drifter came looking for work—but that's another fantasy.

You might see *Tightropes at the Officer's Club* playing around in the local theatres, then again—you might not. But not to worry, Close Up has made their films available in both 8mm and video formats. You might look elsewhere in this issue for their ad giving you the low down on *Tightropes*. And the next time you have nothing to do on a Sunday afternoon, consider checking out your local bartender. Who knows, we could be telling your story here next month.



**BARE IT** If you've got it. This black shiny posing strap BODYWARE® lifts, supports and shows off your best assets. One size fits all. Black only. #2325 \$7.95



**L.A. SPECIAL** What a look! 3' long. Thick as a fist. Hard as a hard-on. Stands on its own. 2 big balls. For a ramp, table or a prostate pleaser. Suckle like the real thing. #268 \$24.95



**METAL COCK RING**  
smoothly nickel plated  
washable, comfortable  
du. size #2125 1 1/2" \$2.50  
#2126 1 1/4" \$2.95  
#2127 1 1/8" \$3.50



**ANAL BEADS**  
#1913 medium \$4.95  
#1919 large \$5.95

# STUDSTORE HERE ARE THE TOOLS FOR SEX PLAY!



**THRUST** Heavy duty liquid Anal Plug. Super strength. Longer lasting. The ultimate bliss. #1369 \$5.95 ea. 2 for \$10.00



**THE TOOL** Looks like the real thing for easy anal insertion and hours of fulfilling satisfaction. #249 \$9.95



**THE TOOL BOX** contains The Tool, a penis replica for hours of fulfilling anal pleasure. 3.4 oz. jar of Anal Lube. Thrust Heavy Duty Liquid Anal Plug and an adjustable Leather Cock Ring. #1533 \$19.95



**PETER SIPPER**  
A penis replica with straw for cock rills, sip drinks and give head simultaneously. Why twizzle a kick when you can mix with this? #1905 \$4.95



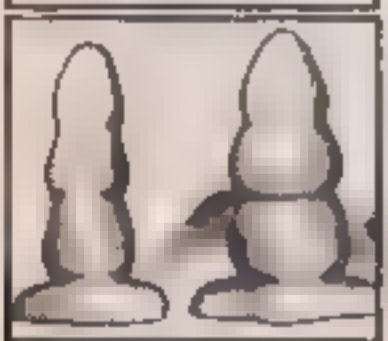
**ANAL LUBE**  
A natural desensitizing lubricant to make anal entry slick and smooth. 4 1/2 oz. jar. #1360 Natural #1361 Hot Spicy \$5.95 each



**LEATHER COCK RING**  
with adjustable metal snaps for perfect fit. Black only. #2129 \$4.95



**POWER+ DELAYS CLIMAX**  
gives you the staying power to make every encounter last longer. Water soluble, stainless, greaseless. #1313 Extreme \$5.95 #1315 Spray \$5.95



**TRIPLE RIPPLE BUTT PLUGS**  
A few more curves have been added to more stimulation. #247 Med. \$10.95 #248 Lge. \$13.95



**COCK CANDLE**  
A real glazed wax candle shaped like a man size 6" cock. With a wick at the tip of the prick. A bright gift idea. #1913 \$5.95



**PENIS MASSAGE CREAM**  
A slick, smooth lubricant to enhance stimulation of the penis. 4 oz. #4170 \$4.50

PLEASE SEND ME THE FOLLOWING ITEMS I HAVE SPECIFIED				QTY	CODE NO.	DESCRIPTION	PRICE EACH	TOTAL
NUMBER AND QUANTITY OF EACH INCLUDED POSTAGE AND ENCLOSED CHECK OR MONEY ORDER OR CHARGE INSTRUCTIONS								
NAME _____								
ADDRESS _____								
CITY _____								
STATE _____ ZIP _____								
<b>STUDSTORE</b> 15 Harriet Street San Francisco, CA 94103								
Please Charge To My M.C. / VISA / AMEX / DISC / MC / E BANKAMER CARD / VISA								
INTERBANK NO. Good Thru _____								
ACCOUNT NO. _____								
Total for Merchandise _____								
Sales Tax _____								
Postage & Handling \$ per item _____								
<b>TOTAL ENCLOSED</b>								
Send No Stamp or C.D.T.								

# IN SEARCH OF OLDER MEN DRUMMER'S DADDIES



## DADDY'S BOY BY MAIL

When we placed the ad in *Drummer* my lover and I didn't know what kind of response we would get. A few weeks later the letters started to trickle in but there was only one that we found interesting.

*Dear Sirs*

*I am enclosing a picture for you to judge me by. As you can see I have a good build and a nine inch cut cock. I've never tried out the S&M scene but I've had some fantasies. If you are willing to do me over and take control, then give me a call.*

*Your fantasies not mine.*

*Craig*

From the picture we judged Craig to be around six feet tall. He had a swimmer's body with pecs and nipples that looked sufficiently ripe for milking. His tool was hung and thick and, from what little could be seen of it, his ass looked like a large, smooth, taut melon. And if one could forget his body for a few moments, his face was a chiseled work of art. If anything, it made him look far younger than the 21-year-old requirement our ad had called for. All in all he became our top choice.

When Craig arrived at our door he was dressed the way he had been ordered to appear—in a towel! To say the least the photograph had done him a grave injustice. His black hair and piercing green eyes, his red, nicely-swollen nipples, stood out against his creamy complexion. My lover and I both got instant stiff poles!

He dropped the towel as ordered the moment he stepped through the doorway, revealing another feature that had not been photographed to its best advantage. I couldn't wait to begin playing Tarzan!

Taking Craig into our well-stocked playroom we passed a joint around and asked him about his fantasies. Though nervous, he was able to relate what turned him on the most. Bondage, nipple and genital torture, getting fucked and being photographed were his bag. But his ultimate fantasy was just to turn himself over to us and let the chips fall where they might. We were to go about our business unaffected by

hot ass but I sure knew I was going to give it a damn good try!

That afternoon we did it all. There were dildos and double cocks up that hole of his and we photographed him getting rammed at both ends. And, as the afternoon wore on, we watched him come a couple more times. The first time we had him spread eagle, face up, tied and available. My lover was nibbling on his balls and I was working on his tits. He began to moan and his body signaled that he was on the verge of coming. I looked down and his cock was jerking—even though no jism was coming out. He may have shot dry then but the next time, with the hot wax dripping on his balls, the stuff flew half-way across the room!

That evening we took Craig to a certain establishment we patronize and tethered him to the bar—naked as a new-born babe, but not quite in as good condition. Though he could hardly hold his head up, he had no trouble at all with his cock. It was bigger and harder than it had been a day. So we decided to give him one final treat before calling it a night. Several of the patrons held him while my lover and I branded him with our initials. For the first time it sounded as if his screams of protest were for real! He bucked like a stallion, but I couldn't tell if it was from the red-hot iron or from the load he shot. Either way it was a thing of beauty to watch.

We could have left him to the rest of the guys but we decided he had probably had enough for his first time around. After all, he was just a novice. So we just made him lick his cold come off the floor and we left.

At home we gave him back his towel and shoved him out the front door.

Since then we've answered the other letters and have a steady run of repeats going. It's hard to tell just who has been worth our time the most. But when I find out I'll be sure and let you know. As for right now, Craig's on his way over. This time he's bringing along



Norman (above) is one of the men in the new book *DRUMMER DADDIES*, available this month. For price and availability, see ad elsewhere in this issue.

## DON'T KEEP DADDY WAITING

I decided long ago that I wanted to pursue my career goals and maintain a straight life-style—not associate with men sexually until I could find that one perfect son, the one to whom I could devote my time and talents to train him and make him just exactly what I want him to be. I need to rely on him to fulfil all my needs so that only he and I know of our special relationship. I would never want to humiliate him in public or even acknowledge our relationship in public because it must be so special that only the two of us could share it.

Since I will care for my son so very much, it will be necessary that I train him well. He will, at times, know the full fury of my belt and paddle on his bare ass as he is bent over my knees. Only through the proper and judicious use of woodshed discipline can he truly be my son. Whenever he does anything which displeases me in the slightest he will receive my wrath and punishment. Anytime I feel that he needs punishment to correct his attitude, prepare him for some future task, or just to fulfil a need that I see in him that I may not be able to put into words, he must accept that punishment without question. I must punish him for that punishment is proof of my love and concern that he become what I want and need him to become. He must become trained to meet and satisfy my needs in every way without hesitation—sexual, spiritual, physical, or just to spank him good.

I expect my son to spit polish and clean my boots until we can both be proud of the job he has done.

whatever pleas he might come up with or whatever noise he might make. Of course, we aimed to please — ourselves.

The first thing we did was to string him up to the ceiling hooks and anchor his feet to the floor. We then tied a piece of leather around his cock and balls; they soon turned a glistening reddish-purple. After that we put a couple of suction cups on those half-inch projections hanging out from the bottoms of his pecks.

My lover got out the shaving equipment and that soon broke the spell Craig had been in. He said something about having a girl friend. "Please don't shave me," he whimpered. That was his first mistake. The crotch hair went first, then the underarms, followed by the hair on his chest and legs. And then we shaved his head, including the eyebrows. Well, the poor guy cried like a baby—but that rock of his got bigger and bigger. And that was all we needed to know.

We pulled off the suction cups and attached alligator clips to his tits, which by then were standing out at least an inch. We told him if he was man enough to stand the pain for one minute without making a sound that would be it. But he broke after only twenty seconds.

So, lesson number two. I strapped a dildo-gag to his head. Maybe that would keep him quiet. Then I took one nipple and my lover took the other. Working independently, it didn't take long before we had pierced his tits, inserted bars through each one, and capped them with end knobs secured with permanent bond glue. We heard no more whimpering after that.

My lover put a rubber over Craig's pecker and jerked him off until he shot, filling the end with thick white fluid. I took some pictures while my lover set the rubber aside for future use. We then took a couple of belts and started to give that boy some beauty marks. I took the back while my lover worked the front. I lashed the boy's ass and, when he strained forward in pain, he got it on the chest, stomach and legs. And that would send him flying back in my direction.

When we got tired of whipping him, I took him down and strapped him over a saw horse bench. His eyes widened as he watched us coat our cocks with his come, taken from the rubber. I removed his gag but, before he could do more than take a breath, replaced it with my lover's cock. He fucked Craig's face and I fucked his well-covered ass. Talk about tight! I wasn't sure I would ever be able to get my fist up that cute

his brother. At least he says it's his brother. Is there no end to what a person has to think up? Oh well, such is the problem one has to put up with when they place an ad in *Drummer*.

Toma  
Palm Springs, CA

## A SON TO SHARE

My son is between the ages of legal to 35. Dad is 41. My son is as tall as nature allowed, but isn't fat because he knows Dad's aversion to excess weight. My son is clean shaven or may have a moustache or a moustache and neatly trimmed beard. He appreciates his dad's well-toned body and is always eager to service any and all parts on demand.

Whatever else my son may be wearing, he'll always be in boots.

My son takes Dad's prick down his throat and up his ass. He also loves Dad's piss. He keeps his dad happy by participating in Dad's assorted games—SM, BD, CB, TT, and, if my son is willing, FF. He also knows his dad grooves on leather.

My son is independent yet subordinate to his dad. And, like his dad, his look combines that of biker, cowboy, logger, preppie, and construction worker. He'll be in levis, not designer jeans.

My son is capable of carrying out his and his dad's fantasies. He prides himself on being my son because he knows that every day with his dad is Father's Day!

T R B  
Stafford, VA

## FLORIDA DAD AVAILABLE

I read with interest your articles and letters about *Drummer Daddies*. I would like to be a *Drummer Daddy* to someone 18-20 years of age, someone with whom I can share life's daily joys and sorrows, go to the shows with and maybe to the bars (I am a non-drinker and go for companionship), go fishing with and take vacations with.

Someone who will contribute to the house but also someone who, if he steps out of line, will be punished—not too severely, as this is a father-son relationship, not a slave-master one. Preferably someone who is gay and if so inclined will let love take over to share one's self with each other, not as an obligation but in mutual admiration.

Is there someone out there like this? If so, I would sincerely like to hear from him.

F S  
Orlando, FL

Then his tongue will slowly move up my leg where, through my levis, he will gently make love to the object of his affection. When I am ready he will be permitted to slowly unzip my faded levis with his teeth and, using his moist tongue, gently remove first one ball and then the other—and finally my firm hard throbbing cock. I will then either face-fuck him with all the roughness I can muster or permit him to gently suck each drop of my precious cum. In any event he will be expected to swallow each and every drop. His mouth will stand ready to take each good bead of piss and beg for more. After a time he will want to service my ass so that I no longer have need of toilet paper. But that training will take time, patience and mutual trust.

My son will, of course, be shaved of all body hair except his head. I may permit him to work and give to me whatever he earns since, of course, I will take care of his needs. He may only work as long as it does not affect the performance of his domestic duties or interfere with his being available when I need him.

I am hoping that my dreams and desires will come true, that you are the person I have been waiting for. Write and tell me that you are the one. After all, if you keep me waiting, I'll just have to punish you for it.

J T R  
Virginia

## WANTS A HOT DADDY

I have been buying your magazine for a year or so, it is a great publication. I was glad to see you do a spread on *Drummer Daddies*. I was never close to my father and have been looking for an older man for some time. Someone to be my father.

I have found that most of these older men have been hurt so much that they don't want to settle down or they are looking for some good looking cute bean-pole. I am very tired of the bars and one-nighters. I have really thought about giving up altogether.

I am 27 years old, 6'2", 190 lbs, 36" waist, 7½" hard cock, beard, moustache, hairy tight ass. Is there a hairy Master out there looking for a good son(slave) to own, a son that needs a little love and a man to put him in place? I am very serious and want to obey and give him pleasure.

Please print this so I may find a Hot Daddy and I don't have to give up. It would make this lonely slave happy and maybe I would get lucky and find someone hot like you daddies Roger Mayhew, Together Daddy (*Drummer* 54), Carl Carlson.

C M  
Orlando, FL

**"DRUMMER DADDIES" HAS GENERATED MORE MAIL THAN ANY SINGLE ITEM IN DRUMMER HISTORY. SEND YOUR STORY, FANTASY AND/OR PICTURE NOW TO: ROBERT PAYNE C/O DRUMMER, 15 HARRIET / SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94103**



# DELIVERY

Cast: Billy, Frankie, The Man, Lady Setting The play takes place on a rainy night in Frankie's room. Everything is dingy and worn and somehow a little cockeyed.

The sound of heavy rain in the darkness The front door opens with Billy under a shaft of amber light, peering in, soaking wet and toting a welcome basket

Billy: Hello? (flicks the light on.) Anybody home? (He enters. The closed in room catches him.) My God. It's like an oven in here. (He tries the window. It's stuck. The door slams shut.) Jesus Christ! What is this? (To the bathroom door.) Frankie? You in there? Suppertime! I brought you some supplies... It looks like you might need them. (Nothing.) Now where'd he go on such a stinking night? (To the table with the basket.) And I brought you your favorite (With a chuckle.) The old fox and his goodies. (Takes off his jacket.) God. Where is some air? (He tries the window again.) Sonofabitch. (Sigh. Looks around the room. With sarcasm.) Jesus. What a fucking toilet.

(The front door opens with Frankie clutching a bouquet of blue daisies.)

Frankie: Wha?!

Billy: Surprise!

Frankie: Billy?! What are you doing here?

Billy: (Going to him.) Frankie. Flowers. How apropos.

Frankie: How did you even get in here? That door was locked.

Billy: Oh, your landlady was very obliging. She just layed there. You've got to be kidding. What are you doing in a place like this? It's so—what the hell do you call it?

Frankie: Mine, and I don't want you here. How did you find me anyway? I

Billy: Josie clued me in.

Frankie: Josie. I should've figured.

Billy: He said he saw you.

Frankie: Loyal friend o' the family. Right?

Billy: Yes. He's concerned. He also said you look like hell.

Frankie: Well, now you saw me, so get out. (To the table with the flowers.)

Billy: Hey.

Frankie: Can't you take a hint?

Billy: How you doin'? Long time no see. (Frankie holds out the basket.) Oh right. (Grabbing it.) I brought us some provisions for the storm. I thought maybe we could, uh, wait it out together. They say it's gonna be a humdinger. Dine, like we usta, by a fuckering.

Frankie: This is a joke. You're pulling a fast one on me, right?

Billy: What joke? Aren't you even glad to see me? It's been over a month. What happened to you? You just took off?

## A PLAY BY C.D. ARNOLD

I groan in anguish.  
For pain present and pain to come.  
Where shall I see rise  
The star of my deliverance?

Prometheus Bound  
Aeschylus

Nothing. Jesus. Isn't that a little selfish?

Frankie: What's new. Huh?

Billy: Don't be flip. I was worried about you.

Frankie: Flip? You call this flip? (The room.) This is dead serious. Billy.

Billy: Well, you could've called. You could've been a little considerate. That's all.

Frankie: I told you I was going. You knew that.

Billy: You also said you were going to Somalia to feed the starving. Or to Calcutta...

Frankie: All right.

Billy: You live in a dream world, Frankie. You can't even take care of yourself, how are you going to help anybody else? These great—nebulous plans to save the world, and look at you. With what? And who are you going to save up here? Huh? Your landlady? Believe me, I don't think she's interested.

Frankie: (Pause. Airily sarcastic.) It's good to see you again, Billy.

Billy: (With a chuckle, going to him.) Hey. Merry Christmas. Guess what's in the basket.

Frankie: Christmas is over two months ago. This is February. This is nothing.

Billy: Valentine's Day then. What the fuck. Happy Valentine's Day, Frankie. I found you. Peek a boo. Be my Valentine?

Frankie: (Shaking his head with a chuckle.) You're nuts. Anyway, I have people coming over, and I don't think you'd appreciate them.

Billy: People? Here? Who? What people?

Frankie: Forget it. You don't know them.

Billy: So what do I care then? Come on. Kick your rubbers off. Relax. Here. I made them especially for you. (With the basket. Pause. Nothing. Lowering the basket.) All right. So we had some words. Big deal. People have words all the time. Who was listening? I thought for sure you would've gotten over it by now. Come to your senses. When Josie told me you were here, I couldn't believe him.

Frankie: Surprise.

Billy: Why? (A look, then Frankie walks away and starts arranging the flowers.) Muffin misses you too. You should've seen her. Yesterday she

Frankie: Oh come on. Now you're bringing up the dog?

Billy: (Pause. A sigh.) Since when are you into flowers? You never bought flowers before.

Frankie: They're for the place. I'm thinking of fixing it up. You're not the only interior decorator around. Chef, cook and bottle washer. Mister Know It All.

Billy: Well, you'll need more than a bunch of cheap dyed daisies for this place.

Frankie: Fuck you.

Billy: So. How's your poetry coming, at least? Your volume. The new Rimbaud.

Frankie: It's...coming.

Billy: Good. I mean, I'd hate to see you waste all this suffering. Can I hear one then? Do you have a new one I can hear?

An ode for a rainy night?

Frankie: (A deep breath.) All right. I tell you. The other day? It was kinda balmy out. Remember?

Billy: What about it?

Frankie: Everybody thinkin' winter was over. Walkin' around in their shirt-sleeves. Well, there I was, sitting in the park soaking up some sun, listening to this—guy on a flute, when all of a sudden outta nowhere this, thing started flapping up in my face. (With a chuckle.) At first I thought it was a God damn pidgeon attacking me... But, it turned out to be only a scrap of paper. Jesus.

Anyway, as I sat back down I happened to glance down at it, and there scrawled across it in this big black print, it said—

"Deliveries—Free," and right below it was a phone number.

Billy: What kind of deliveries?

Frankie: So I called it. (Pause.)

Billy: And?

**Frankie:** "What do you deliver?" I said, and he said, it was a guy, "What do you want?" and I said, "Anything?" and he said— "Yep." (Pause.)

**Billy:** So?

**Frankie:** So I have guests coming over

**Billy:** What did you say?

**Frankie:** I have guests coming over

**Billy:** I mean when he said yeah, what did you say? The delivery. I'm curious. Is it going to be a gang bang or what? What am I going to be missing here?

**Frankie:** (With a shrug.) You get the rain coming down. Your own place. A little imagination. Who knows?

**Billy:** You are nuts. You're slipping through my fingers here, and there's nothing I can do, is there? Poems. Pieces of paper attacking you. You're getting weirder, Frankie. You're getting to be a

real basket case, you know that? Jesus Christ, Man, I took care of you! You're half my life! What...?! (He heaves a sigh. He's dying.) Jesus. It's those fucking seven forty sevens. That's what it is. They made it too easy. Nobody holds on anymore.

**Frankie:** So I said to the guy— I want a field of blue daisies as far as the eye could see— a pale blue sea swaying in the wind, and right there in the middle of it, in all his splendor— a fucking god... My saviour

(The Man's light comes up. It's a ghostly blue. He's in black leather. He is muscular and handsome beyond handsome.)

**The Man:** You the one on the phone?

**Frankie:** You're here

**Billy:** Who?

**The Man:** Who's the bozo?

**Frankie:** Oh, just a friend. He was leaving. You've got to go now, Billy. He's here. (To The Man.) You're alone. Where is she?

**Billy:** Who's here?

**Frankie:** Blue daisies.

**Billy:** You're kidding. Where?

**The Man:** You didn't say nothin' about no orgy here

**Frankie:** Oh no

**Billy:** Are you all right? Who are you talking to?

**Frankie:** You gotta go, Billy... Now

**Billy:** (Looks around. Back to Frankie.) That's it? Like that? (Frankie ignores him.) Right (Gets his coat.) I guess there's nothing more I can say, is there? You can't say I didn't give you a chance though. I mean, I really hate like hell to leave you here, but... you know where I live

**Frankie:** Yeah.

**Billy:** You sure you're okay?

**Frankie:** Fine

**Billy:** Don't forget the basket... Believe me, it's from my heart

**Frankie:** Thank you

**Billy:** (In the doorway) Oh. By the way I had this— dream the other night? (The door slams in his face. Pause. The Man comes into the room. Frankie stares at the closed door.)

**The Man:** (With a seductive grin.) Hey

**Frankie:** Hey

**The Man:** How you doin'?

**Frankie:** Fine

**The Man:** Long time no see

**Frankie:** Yeah

**The Man:** Well? What are you waiting for?

**Frankie:** What?

**The Man:** I'm soaking wet

**Frankie:** Ah. Right. Of course. (Fetching him a towel.)

**The Man:** You want me to catch cold?

**Frankie:** No... No. I'm just a little nervous, I guess. I must've turned into a real rube. Here you go

(The Man straddles center stage, his arms out to his sides, waiting. Frankie catches on.) Ah. (As he begins to lovingly dry The Man off.)

**The Man:** Yeah... Jesus. Isn't it a little stuffy in here?

**Frankie:** Cozy... There you go. (Stepping back.) Is she here?

**The Man:** Aren't you forgetting something?

**Frankie:** Huh?

**The Man:** You don't want me tracking mud all over your nice clean sheets, do you?

**Frankie:** (Pause.) Ah. (Almost shyly, he kneels before The Man, looking up at him.) I'm not used to this. Billy. He...

**The Man:** Look.

**Frankie:** What?

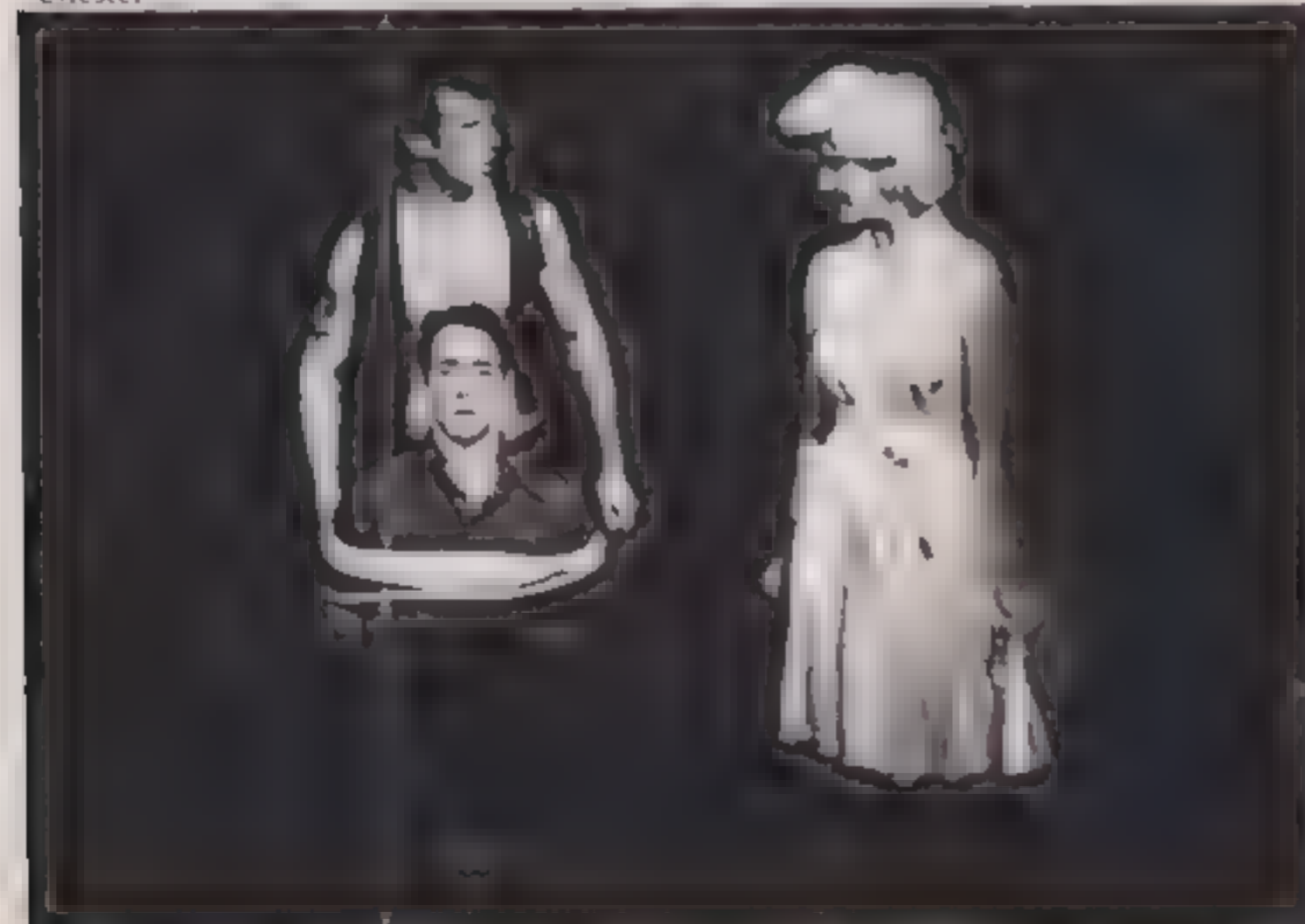
**The Man:** The rain. How it beads up on the tips.

**Frankie:** Pearls... black pearls... You think they're worth anything?

**The Man:** Maybe they're precious... Maybe you should save them. (Pause. Frankie touches his tongue to the tip of The Man's boot.) Hot little fucker. (They smile at each other as he takes off his



'Remember who's here, pal. We made a bargain. This is the only way.' Photo by Mark Chester



'You got what you wanted, Lady. This is his turn.' Photo by Mark Chester

jacket and Frankie dries the rest of the boots with the towel.)

Frankie: How's that?

The Man: Thanks

Frankie: (Rising.) Sure

The Man: So. How's it goin'? What's up?

Frankie: Not too much. Is there something I can get for you?

The Man: Is your friend gone?

Frankie: Oh sure

The Man: Good.

Frankie: Are you hungry? I think he brought me some...

The Man: Not yet

Frankie: Jesus. Look at your muscles. You must work out. Do you work out?

The Man: All the time. You like 'em?

Frankie: They're beautiful

The Man: All for you

Frankie: God. I never expected you to... (Shrugs.) This could be fun

The Man: The sky's the limit. Right? No rules? Isn't that what you said?

Frankie: I don't remember. It was...

The Man: I remember. Hey, what about some air. It's gettin' hot in here

Frankie: I'll turn the heat down

The Man: Fuck the heat! What about a window, man? You got a window you can crack?

Frankie: I can't. They're sealed. The landlady had them sealed

The Man: What is this? A fucking prison?

Frankie: You want a glass of water? I can...

The Man: I want some fucking air for Christ's sake. I'm fuckin' suffocating'

Frankie: Ah

(Backs off as the bathroom light comes up with Lady, bathed in a pink glow, a white filmy dress billowing slightly about her knees from a soft breeze, laughing and giggling with childlike glee. She is radiant, the essence of Marilyn.)

Lady: Ooooh, this feels simply delicate!

The Man: She's here

Frankie: Oh yes. You came. I knew you would. You're just in time

Lady: (Laughing as the breeze becomes stronger.) Ooooh, feel that breeze!

The Man: Jesus, that feels good

Lady: Look at me, fellas

The Man: A breath of fresh air. You know what I mean?

Frankie: (In rapture.) Yes

Lady: Ooooh, yes. (All the lights are out except for Lady's with her dress flying about her thighs, her head thrown back, her laughter beginning to echo, growing louder, until slowly, as a dying record, it all slows down to a stillness. A pause as the lights return, and she steps into the room shaking her hair.) Whoo. That was e egant

The Man: What a fucking rush.

Frankie: (A step to her.) A goddess. Look at you

Lady: Hi, Sweetie. How you doin'? Long time no see

Frankie: I'm doin' fine. Now

The Man: That was quite an entrance, baby

Lady: Aw, you're sweet. The two of you

Frankie: You came

Lady: (Patting Frankie's cheek.) Oh sure. What do you think? I wouldn't miss this one for the world

The Man: This is your night, Pal.

Frankie: Is it? I never had my own night.

Lady: Do you have any champagne in the fridge? "I'm so dry I'm spittin' cotton." (Laughs.) Which one?

Frankie: "Bus Stop."

Lady: Ooooh. I love that one

Frankie: I'm sorry. I only have beer. I should've remembered.

Lady: Beer? Pa'toote. Remind me to give you a couple of pointers, Sweetie

What a cute place. You live here?

Frankie: Yeah. You like it?

Lady: Oh sure. It's real primitive, you know? I just love primitivity

Frankie: (Laughs.) Yeah.

The Man: I'll take one of them beers.

Lady: Naturally

The Man: Easy, Lady.

Frankie: Oh sure. (He gets one for him.)

Lady: (To The Man.) You sure are looking healthy, Sweetie.

The Man: Yeah? You don't look so bad yourself

Lady: Considering

Frankie: (With the beer.) Here you go.

The Man: Thanks. Like you just stepped outta one of your posters

Lady: Oh yes. The one in Times Square. That was a big one, wasn't it, Frankie?

Ker-bang! There I was, all over the place. Remember?

Frankie: Of course I remember. What do you think?

Lady: Yeah?



"The kid wants to be a goddess. Tell her, Frankie. What is it you want?" Photo by Mark Chester

**Frankie:** It's practically a classic. They got it everywhere. You can't even walk past a store window without you there.

**Lady:** Really? *(A sort of sad, self-satisfied giggle as she sits with her feet tucked under her)*

**Frankie:** I'm glad you came

**Lady:** I'm glad you asked. Is that your poem on the powder room wall?

**Frankie:** Yes. Did you like it?

**Lady:** It was delicate

**Frankie:** You read it?

**Lady:** Oh sure. Well, most of it anyway. *(Shivers.)* It made me quake. You're turning into a real poet, Frankie. Very sensitive. *(With a giggle.)* All us—"artists." Do you have a ciggie poo, Sweetie?

**Frankie:** I'm sorry. You've been an inspiration to me.

**Lady:** Really?

**Frankie:** Did you like the part about...?

**Lady:** *(Interrupting.)* What about drugs? Anybody bring any drugs?

**The Man:** Sorry

**Lady:** *(Disappointed.)* Oh

**Frankie:** I'm working on a volume. I call it "Flight." You keep hearing poetry's passe, but what the hell. Somebody's gotta do it. I mean, you should see it now. We're killing each other left and right. Every day. It's getting so you can't even turn on the tv without some cad-aver staring you in the face. Nineteen inch glossies you flip with a switch. That's all we've become. Nobody knows how to give anymore. Nobody cares. *(Shakes his head.)* I just finished one I call "Resurrection." Do you wanna hear it?

**Lady:** Not now, Sweetie. I'm a little strung out. So, what are we gonna do?

**The Man:** We're gonna have a party. Isn't that right, Frankie?

**Frankie:** Huh?

**Lady:** Oh good. I love parties. I haven't been to a party in... how long?

**Frankie:** A party?

**Lady:** I can't even remember.

**The Man:** What's your pleasure?

**Frankie:** Ah. Well. I thought you were gonna decide that

**Lady:** Careful, Sweetie.

**The Man:** Whaddya say? Pot luck?

**Frankie:** Sure. Why not? Billy says I don't have anything to give. He says...

**The Man:** What does he know? Right?

**Lady:** Let's make love. Are we gonna make love? I just adore making love.

**The Man:** Easy, Lady. A.J. right. You got yourself a bargain, Pal. No rules?

**Frankie:** *(Pause.)* No rules

**The Man:** *(They shake.)* My rules.

**Lady:** *(Pause. Begins to sing softly.)* "That old black magic has me..."

**The Man:** And just remember, I'm no burnt out phantom you scraped outta some toilet. You and me go back a long way, Son. Remember that. *(Releases him.)*

**Frankie:** Of course I remember. What do you take me for?

**The Man:** I don't know. That fucking clown you just had in here

**Frankie:** Oh him? He's gone. Forget him.

**The Man:** Did you clean his boots too?

**Frankie:** You're kidding. Billy? It wasn't exactly his style. Billy was a nice man. Warm fires and cold feet. He even bought us a dog. I tried to tell him there were other things out there. Bigger things. *(With a chuckle.)* "Dark forces" calling me, but he just thought I was nuts. I even told him you were waiting for me. I had a man to feed, I told him, but he didn't understand that either. That one just flew right over his head. Well, what can you know from a tv? A little hideaway. It's all very nice, but Jesus Christ, I couldn't even breathe after awhile, that fucking dog stunk so bad. You know?

**Lady:** No secrets you two. That's not fair

**The Man:** I'm just reminding the boy of who we are. That's all

**Lady:** I think he already knows, don't you, Sweetie?

**The Man:** Just so we keep it straight

**Frankie:** *(Chuckling.)* Whaddya think?

**Lady:** So where's the people? We're going to have a party, we got to have some people. Where are they?

**The Man:** This is gonna be a private party, Lady.

**Lady:** *(Obviously disappointed again.)* Oh... *(Perking up.)* Are we going to make babies?

**The Man:** I wouldn't count on it

**Lady:** I don't get it then. What kind of party is it going to be, Frankie? No booze. No drugs.

**The Man:** Let's look at it— as a coming out. Yeah. That's it. This is Frankie's coming out. *(With a chuckle.)* He's a fucking debutante.



"So where are the people? We're going to have a party we got to have some people." Photo by Robert Pruzan

Lady: What's he talking about?  
 Frankie: I, uh...  
 The Man: Show her, Frankie. Down on your knees.  
 (Frankie looks at him alarmed)  
 Lady: (Quickly) You know what I do? I let the wind blow up my panties. It feels delicate. Everything else can go kafooie, but— You wanna try it, Frankie?  
 The Man: Now  
 Lady: Come on, Sweetie. Give it a shot. What do you got to lose?  
 The Man: (Frankie looks to Lady and lowers himself to The Man.) That's better  
 Lady: What is this?  
 The Man: We're here for a delivery. We make deliveries  
 Lady: Frankie. What are you doing on your knees?  
 The Man: It has been a long time, hasn't it?  
 Lady: You brute. I came all the way back for this?  
 The Man: Tell her.  
 Lady: Forget it. I don't want to hear it. It's probably just something screwy anyway.  
 The Man: Ask him if he wants to be a fifty foot poster in Times Square  
 Lady: Don't you make fun of that! They loved it  
 The Man: Who's making fun? The kid wants to be a goddess. Ask him. Tell her Frankie. What is it you want? A little love? A little fucking adoration?  
 Frankie: Oh God. (To Lady) You're just so beautiful. So— perfect. I look at you and...  
 Lady: Stop it  
 Frankie: I want to give something that precious too. That  
 Lady: But you're a fella. How can a fel a  
 Frankie: It's only a manner of speaking  
 Lady: Well speak English so I can get it  
 Frankie: Remember when you sang that song for all those guys? The troops. Where was it?  
 Lady: Oh brother. Would you tell him to get up please. This is embarrassing.  
 The Man: Get up.  
 Frankie: (Getting up.) And it was so cold and you got pneumonia but you sang it anyway. You just stood out there on that open stage in that skimpy little thing with your spaghetti straps and your hair blowing in the wind and you just spread your arms and gave them everything! Remember?  
 Lady: Oh yeah  
 Frankie: They went crazy for you, and you gave them everything  
 Lady: I almost fucking died  
 Frankie: They loved you (His fingers to his lips. Softly, almost afraid.) "A kiss on the hand..."  
 Lady: (Softly joining him for a few sad bars.) "...may be quite continental"  
 (Pause.) But look at me now, Sweetie I'm staring out at the rain through junk shop windows. Is that what you want?  
 The Man: Okay The two of you. Let's get this thing going. You got what you wanted, Lady. This is his turn

Lady: Got what I wanted? Tangled in those L.A. sheets with the phone hanging there? (To Frankie) Don't be a chump, Sweetie. It's not worth it. (Her hand to her cheek in a hopeless gesture) Even I couldn't do it  
 The Man: You wanna give me something, Frankie? (Pause) Then what are you waiting for? Come here, Fucker Give it to me. I'll keep you nice and warm. Fuck them. (Frankie slowly goes to him. The Man embraces him.) Yeah This is what you want  
 Lady: (Pause. Away) I used to put on my white dress and my white hair and my white face. Go out there and give it to 'em. Sweetie, they usta say. Knock 'em dead. (A sad chuckle) Give it to 'em  
 (Billy appears faintly in the amber light)  
 Billy: I had a dream, Frankie. It was terrible

Frankie: No!  
 Lady: Who's that?  
 The Man: Nobody. I thought you said he was gone  
 Billy: It was your heros! I couldn't figure them all out, but you were in this— tomb... (His light fades.) Wait...  
 Lady: Come on, Sweetie Why don't we get out of here and cheer ourselves up. Take a walk in the rain  
 The Man: I think it's time we started now. You ready, Frankie?  
 Frankie: Yes  
 Lady: Oh. (The Man pulls a very thick white cord from under his jacket) What's that?  
 The Man: (Holding it out in front of Frankie almost ritualistically with a smile.) A ribbon.  
 Lady: Oh... Right. (Slowly sitting at the table.) Well. I guess thirty six years of



I told him you were waiting for me. I had a man to feed, I told him " Photo by Robert Pruzan

gravity was a lot of gravity  
**The Man:** You're beautiful, pal.  
**Frankie:** Am I?  
**Lady:** (*Musing.*) Oh look. Blue daisies.  
**The Man:** Yeah  
**Lady:** How elegant  
**Frankie:** Yes  
**Lady:** We used to sprinkle rose petals in our sheets. (*Giggles. Pause.*) Red—rose petals... we'd get all hot...  
**The Man:** Okay, Lady. You wanna bring me one of those chairs  
**Lady:** (*From her reverie.*) Huh?  
**The Man:** I need some help  
**Lady:** Oh. Sure. What else do I have to do? (*Dragging a chair over.*) So you want me to give you a couple pointers Sweetie?  
**The Man:** He's doing just fine. (*With the chair.*) Frankie? (*Frankie sits.*)  
**Lady:** Just don't let them come in too close. That's lesson number one  
**The Man:** I said he's fine  
**Lady:** And lots of Chanel Number Five. They don't like you to smell bad either. They're real crude, you know?  
**The Man:** Listen. I got an idea  
**Lady:** I'll bet  
**The Man:** How's about settin' up a place for me at that dinner table over there. Knife and fork. And somethin' to wash it down with. You got anything in that welcome basket, Frankie?  
**Frankie:** I don't know. Billy brought it  
**The Man:** Let's do this up right. Like real folks.  
**Lady:** You're too easy, Sweetie. I think that's your problem. (*She unfurls a pale blue cloth from the basket and floats it down over the table like a cloud, replacing the daisies in the center, while Frankie is being tied to the chair.*)  
**Frankie:** It won't hurt, will it?  
**The Man:** Naw  
**Frankie:** mean it doesn't really matter, but...  
**The Man:** Don't worry. I'm an expert at it  
**Frankie:** Ow  
**The Man:** Sorry  
**Lady:** Oh look. What's this? (*From the basket.*) A gingerbread man. Isn't he cute  
**Frankie:** You're kidding  
**The Man:** Shut up.  
**Lady:** Where'd you get 'em, Sweetie? Look. He even looks like you. Isn't he delicate?  
**Frankie:** Billy. He... Ow!  
**Lady:** I used to have a thing about gingerbread men. I'm sure Mister Freyd would have something to say about that. He sure is a cute one though. (*She takes a bite and nibbles it in glee.*) Oooh, they're scrumptious. (*Billy appears again.*)  
**Billy:** Frankie. I figured it out  
**Lady:** Who the hell is that?  
**The Man:** Nobody I told you. Don't worry about him.  
**Billy:** Change heros!  
**The Man:** Get rid of him!  
**Frankie:** Go away, Billy  
**Billy:** It's simple. All you have to do is...  
**Frankie:** God damn you, Billy!  
**The Man:** (*To Lady.*) Hurry up, will ya!



C.D. Arnold, the playwright. Photo by Mark Chester

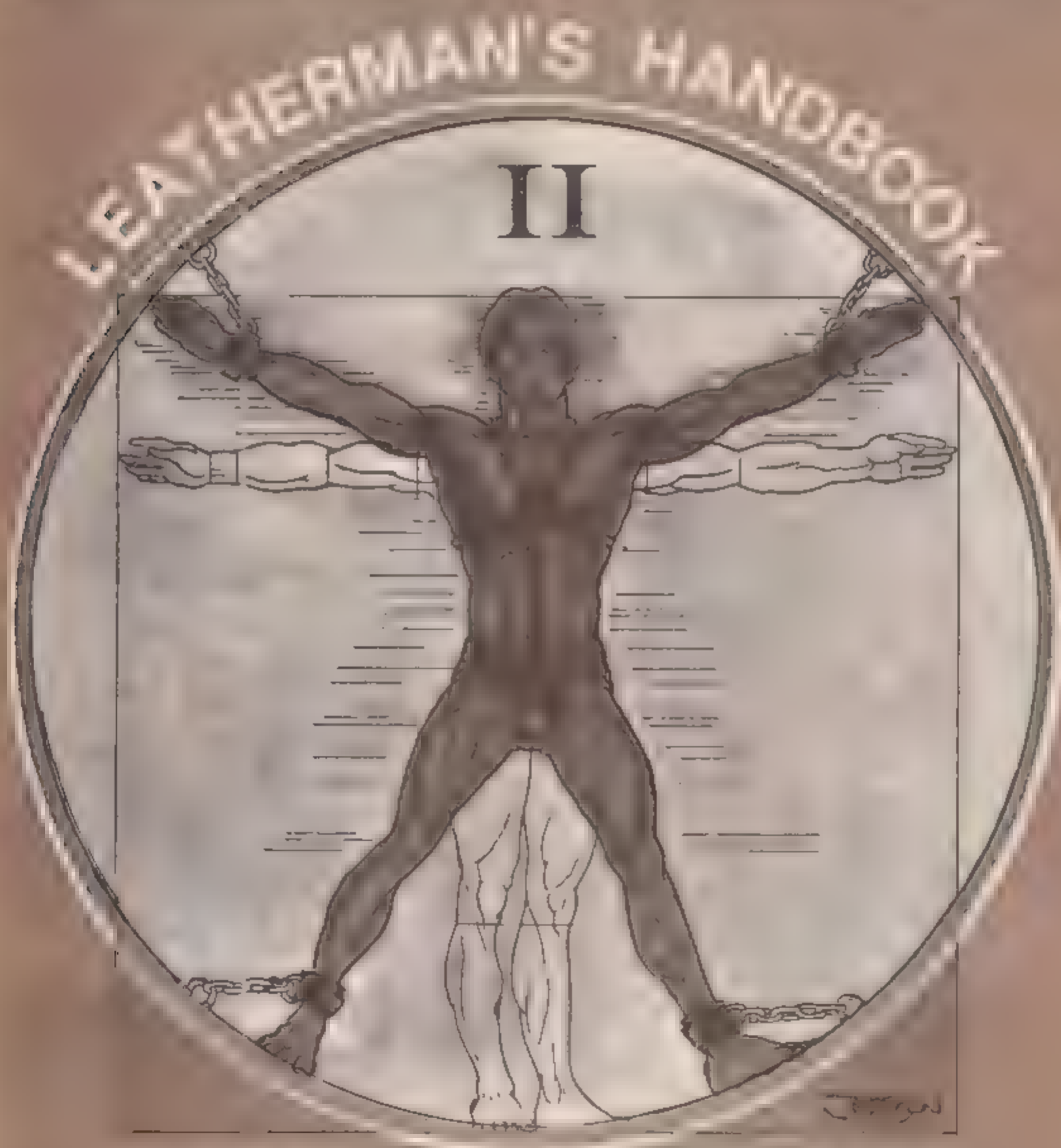
You about done over there?  
**Billy:** For God's sake, I love you!  
**Lady:** He loves you?  
**Frankie:** Go away!  
**The Man:** You finished?  
**Billy:** Please! Listen to me!  
**Lady:** Sweetie. Did you hear him? The guy loves you. You didn't tell me that part. What are you sticking with him for? (*The Man.*)  
**The Man:** Stay out of this, Lady  
**Billy:** I turned the bed down, Frankie. The blanket's on eight, just the way you like it  
**Lady:** Oooh Sweetie. That sounds delicate. Is he the gingerbread fella?  
**The Man:** I told you to shut up, bitch! Can't you even keep your fucking act straight?! This is his turn!  
**Frankie:** Don't talk to her that way!  
**The Man:** (*Raising his hand.*) You better shut your mouth too if you know what's good for you. Remember who's who here, Pal. We made a bargain. This is the only way. You got me?  
**Lady:** No! Stop! Don't believe him! (*Trying to pull the rope off Frankie.*)  
**The Man:** Get outta here, I told ya! Stop screwing things up! (*Pushing her back.*)  
**Frankie:** Don't hurt her!  
**Lady:** You liar! Frankie! Don't listen to him! I'm telling you, Sweetie, they just came in too close. They had the God damn lens shoved down my fucking throat! What the hell did they expect?! They're just pigs! They don't appreciate a God damn thing! Don't let him trick you. Get out  
**The Man:** (*Finishing with the rope.*) There  
**Lady:** (*Softly.*) He loves you, Sweetie  
**Billy:** Frankie... (*He fades.*)  
**Frankie:** (*Softly.*) Billy  
**The Man:** That's it

**Lady:** Oh... well... You fellas'll excuse me. I have to go to the powder room  
**Frankie:** No  
**Lady:** I have to, Sweetie. There's nothing left for me to do out here. (*Shrugs.*) I guess I thought it was going to be different... I can't even hold your hand (*To The Man.*) Be easy with him, will ya?  
**The Man:** Whaduya think? I love the kid. He's like my own son  
**Frankie:** Please  
**Lady:** I'm sorry, Sweetie. (*With a sad chuckle.*) Rain always makes me pee. (*Exits.*)  
**The Man:** Okay, Frankie. You about ready?  
**Frankie:** Huh?  
**The Man:** (*From the basket he slowly pulls out a huge shiny knife with a blade that flashes light.*) I'm hungry  
**Frankie:** Lady... (*Lady's light comes up and her dress is billowing softly.*)  
**Lady:** Oooh, feel that breeze  
**Frankie:** Yes.  
**Lady:** Oooh  
**Frankie:** Billy?  
**The Man:** Okay, Frankie. Come on, Boy. Give it to Daddy  
**Frankie:** Billy?  
**Lady:** Oooh, yes  
**Frankie:** (*A whisper.*) Please...  
**Lady:** Oooh  
**The Man:** (*Raising the knife.*) Yeah.

#### BLACKOUT

DELIVERY was presented at Studio Rhino on March 5, 1982, by Theatre Rhinoceros. It was directed by Charles Solomon, with the following cast. Billy (Roger Scroggs), Frankie (Timo Butters), The Man (John Ponyman), Lady (Sandahl Hebert). A second production opened on June 17, 1982, at the 544 Natomia Gallery, directed by Peter Hartman, with the following cast. Billy (Dennis Yount), Frankie (David Baker), The Man (John Ponyman), Lady (Sandahl Hebert). The photographs are from both productions

PRESENTING AN EXCERPT FROM THE  
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BY LARRY TOWNSEND

EXCLUSIVELY THIS MONTH FOR DRUMMER READERS!

When I was a kid, I was a rotten little bastard, I guess, and it took something pretty drastic to make me stop long enough to think about it. I'd always been good looking, and smarter than most of the assholes I ran around with, so everything came easy for me—easy, until my old man walked out on us and Mom ended up in a county hospital. I joined the Navy when I was seventeen—lied about my age—but they booted me out after a little less than a year. So at eighteen, I was a street punk with a dishonorable discharge, and no place to go. I drifted to lots of cities within the space of a couple of years and I made out okay, hustling and doing a little breaking-and-entering when things got tight on the streets.

I was twenty when I arrived in Houston—went there in late February, because it wasn't so fuckin' cold. I soon had my regular spot staked out on the end of the main gay drag, not far from the *Drum*. I'd been into SM scenes before, and I'd actually gotten to like whipping ass and making the cock-sucker grovel in front of me, licking my boots and begging for whatever I wanted to give him. I was strong and wirey, with a hard look in my face that I practiced in front of a mirror, so they really took to me—said I looked like a real Topman, with my curly black hair and green eyes. I'd also escaped the butcher's knife, so I had a nice full foreskin that made my dick look bigger than it really was. Besides, I wasn't very tall, so everything looked bigger on me than it actually was—sure turned on a bigger guy to have me work on him.

Everything had been going along pretty good, until the pigs decided to crack down on the bars and on the hustling—it wasn't safe to stand on the streets, not even if you pretended to be hitching. I was going to move on when I made friends with another hustler stud, named Jeff. He was a couple years older than me, and a real bad one. I tell you, he was mean! But he liked me, and he had this M streak in him—liked to be tied down and worked over when he'd got enough dope into him. But that's neither here nor there. We got along good, and we made it together a few times. Finally, we moved into the same room to save money while we waited for the town to cool down. But Jeff wasn't just into hustling. He'd done all kinds of dope in different places, and he'd been in the joint a lot. Finally, when we were running short of bread, he tells me he's lined up a good score.

There's this fag, he tells me, who lives in a house with vacant lots on either side, easy pickings. I wasn't too sure, but we needed to score someplace, and Jeff seemed to know what he was talking about. The next day we looked the place over from the outside and decided to give it a try. By then we were down to two bits and change. Well, it was a bust from the start. Jeff went in first, through a back window. He came around to let me in the back door, but it had a dead bolt on it, so I had to climb in through the same window. It was close to 3 AM, so we figured the guy has to be asleep upstairs. What we didn't know was that the fucker had an alarm system, one of those things that goes off in the bedroom when someone's home, otherwise goes to some police control center. Anyway, we're about halfway across the living room when the light goes on and the guy is standing on the stairs, stark naked except for a big, old-fashioned six-shooter in his hand.

"Just stay right where you are," he says, and he comes down the rest of the way. As he comes around the bannister at the bottom and starts toward us, he's givin' us some bullshit about sitting on the floor with our hands on top of our heads. That's when Jeff makes a grab for the gun. And that's all she wrote. He's down on the floor in a pool of blood, and I'm standing there about to shit my pants. And by this time I do have my hands on top of my head, because I'm sure this motherfucker's going to plug my ass, too. I mean, I'm so fuckin' scared I don't even say one word!

The guy, who's about 35 or 40, and really rough-looking, he just stands over Jeff for a minute, looks up at me, still pointing the gun straight at my gut. He reaches down and feels Jeff's neck—testing for a pulse, I guess. He nods then, and stands back up. He looks me over pretty good, kinda grins and nods his head. He's really cool; I gotta give him that. He jerks the gun toward a door in the wall under the stairs, and says, "In there."

I didn't know what he was up to, and I didn't ask. I just

headed for the door, opened it, and started fumbling for a light switch. It was dark inside, but I could see stairs going down into a basement. I found the switch, flicked it on, and when I felt the gun barrel in my back, I went down.

It's a kinda small basement with paneled walls. There's photo equipment—lights and tripods, couple of big cameras on stands, a desk, old carpet on the floor. He went to the far wall, always keeping an eye on me, and the gun pointed in my direction. He pulled out the edge of one panel, then pushed it so it slid back. There was another room, about the same size as the first one, except this was a dungeon, man! I mean, a real dungeon! He had chains and hooks, and all kinds of SM stuff, some I'd seen before, others I didn't even know what it was.

"If you want to save your ass," he told me, "you'll do just as I tell you. I haven't got time to mess around. I've got to call the cops to take care of your friend up there, and I can't wait too long to do it."

"Why should you want to help me?" I asked, although I was already beginning to get the picture. Except I didn't have any idea how far it was going to go.

"That's for me to know and you to find out," he said, sort of nasty. "You tell me how it's going to be, but let me remind you of one point of law you may not know. You were in the act of committing a felony when I caught you. A man died in the course of that felony, and that means murder—one for you if I turn you over to the cops."

I didn't know if he was bullshitting or not, but I'd heard about some fucked-up law like that in New York, so I decided to play along. "I guess I don't have much choice, man," I told him. It had also occurred to me that now I'd seen all this he'd probably take me back upstairs and shoot me, too, if I didn't cooperate.

"You can start by stripping to the waist," he said.

I tossed my shirt and jacket into a corner and stood with my back to him. In about two minutes he had steel cuffs on my wrists, a chain around my neck, and a leather hood with a gag in it over my head. I couldn't see anything at all, but I could hear fairly well. I felt him unbuckle my belt and pull my Levi's down around my ankles. He must have used the belt to fasten my feet together. He then tightened the chain on my neck, pulling me up until I could barely keep my toes on the floor. "You just stay there and keep quiet," he said, "and pray that I get rid of the police before you strangle."

Well, I must have hung there for over an hour. My back and legs were strained and aching, but I found I could actually put my heels down on the floor if I took the pressure of the chain around my neck for a few minutes. The chain would cut off the circulation, but I could still breathe, so I managed to do this every few minutes to relieve the tension. I could hear them upstairs, although I couldn't understand what they were saying. There were clumping sounds of guys walking around, and at one point someone opened the basement door and came down the stairs. There was some more talking in the next room, and after a few minutes they went back up. Texas police don't get too het up about somebody shooting a burglar in his living room, and Jeff had broken the window when he climbed in, so there probably wasn't any question about how it happened. There'd been one burglar, one shot, one stiff, and that's all there was to it. The police finally took Jeff's body and left.

Now I'd been doing some thinking while all this was going on, and I'd figured out that if this guy lied to the police about there being only one burglar, then he'd be in for some real trouble if the pigs found me. And I guessed what he'd done to me would be kidnapping. All this wouldn't do me much good while he had me trussed up like a hog waiting for slaughter, but it might give me something to hold over him when he finished whatever it was he intended doing to me. Unless he meant to kill me, too! Jesus! That thought had just penetrated my mind when I heard him coming back down the stairs.

I heard the panel slide open, and felt a gush of air against my naked backside. I could hear him move across the floor, and I actually felt the heat from his body as he came to stand in front of me. "You were a good boy," he said. "You kept

real quiet." He spoke with the trace of a drawl, but he used good English, much better than me. I figured him to be a college-type, probably with a good job someplace, maybe with a lot to lose if I ever got the chance to squeeze him. I had it all figured out, what I was going to say to him, as soon as he took the gag out of my mouth.

Only, I didn't get the chance, not right then, anyway, and by the time I did get a chance to talk, I was thinking about a lot of other things. I felt him work the boots off me, and pull the rest of my clothes off with them. The floor felt cold against my bare feet, but it was soft, like some kind of padded rubber. He put some cold steel restraints around my ankles, something with a short chain between them, so I could walk about a half-step at a time. Then he unhooked the chain from the ceiling, so I was able to take a decent breath for the first time since he hung me up there. He walked me across the rubber-covered floor, holding hard onto my arm and guiding me with his other hand against the small of my back. I felt a piece of wood come into contact with my shins, not hard, I'd walked to the place he wanted me.

"You're standing in front of a saw horse," he said, "and I'm going to bend you over it. Just do as I say, now, and you won't fall." He kind of leaned into me, with one hand at the back of my neck, pushing me down, while the other pushed into my gut, holding me back. I couldn't help resisting him, because I was afraid I was going to fall as he made me lean over so far I was losing my balance. With the hood over my head, and not being able to see, I didn't even have a very good sense of up or down, once he had me bending. Then I felt a padded surface hit my stomach, and he pulled my head down hard. I was lying across the horse, feet still touching the floor, as he moved about quickly. First, he attached my neck chain to something on the ground, about a foot or two away from me. My ankles were also anchored and there I was—chained down, ass high in the air, my naked butt ready for whatever he decided to do with it.

I expected he would either start whipping me, or maybe fuck me. I sort of gritted my teeth, or rather bit into the leather gag, and waited. Instead, I heard him running water. I didn't catch on right away—guess I hadn't been around quite enough to know all the things these guys get into. A few minutes later, though, I felt him start to play with my asshole, running a finger into me with some grease on it. I tried to squirm away, because I'm not used to having anything shoved up my ass, but I couldn't move very much and he

shoved some sort of rubber or plastic nozzle into me. Then I heard a little hand pump go, and I felt the thing inside my ass swell up—felt like it was going to bust my ass. I tried to yell at him, making just a blubbering sound against the gag, and before I could even do much of that I felt a flood of warmth into my gut. The son'bitch was giving me an enema!

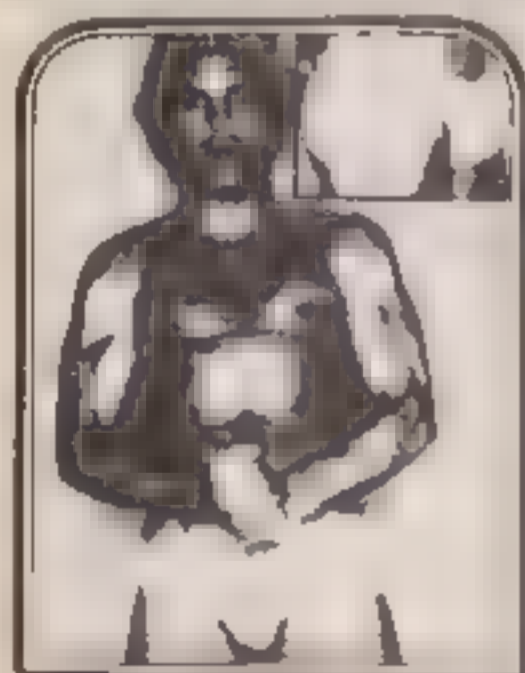
I was so surprised and so fuckin' mad, I started to thrash around, but he grabbed hold of me and held me still. "You're only going to hurt yourself," he said calmly. "You be a good boy and do as you're told, now."

Well, I don't know how many gallons he pumped into me, but my guts felt like they were going to explode, and the pain at a couple of points was awful. He did move me back a little on the saw horse, so the padded top hit the bottom of my chest and left my belly free to take the water. When he'd filled me, he did something to the thing in my ass—disconnected it, I guess, from the enema bag. He untied my head and ankles, made me stand up—which made the lead in my guts churn around again, and I had to shit so bad I felt like a pregnant woman about to give birth. But the plug in my ass kept it all inside as he guided me into the corner, and backed me onto a toilet seat. He reached between my legs, did something to the thing in my ass, and pulled it out.

We went through the whole thing twice more, the last time I was on the pot being when he pushed and kneaded my belly to make sure everything came out. It was really embarrassing by then, because he was not only using my ass like he owned it, but he was even wiping it like a fuckin' baby in between. Shit, I didn't even like to take a crap with someone looking at me, and here I was going through all this naked, with chains on my wrists and ankles, a hood over my head, and this guy just working me back and forth like I was some animal. Except to tell me to move here, or turn there, he didn't say anything.

When he finally finished and had wiped my ass for the last time, he led me back into the room, attached my neck chain to the ceiling again, and kicked my feet as far apart as the chain down there would allow. He fastened a leather belt around my waist, stuck his greasy finger up my ass—with no warning, so I bolted away. He put me back in position, then shoved a rubber plug up my ass. He brought the strap attached to this around between my legs in front, worked my cock and balls through a metal ring, and fastened this to the front of the belt. The back end was already attached to the belt, so now I was in some kind of harness, with my ass plugged solid.

I had grunted and moaned at various things he did, but I



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couldn't say anything. The leather gag inside my hood was very wide, pressing the side of my mouth and holding my tongue down. I knew I'd been drooling, especially when he had me with my head down, but I couldn't help it. Despite this, my mouth felt like it was full of cotton, and I was getting real thirsty.

He left me standing there for quite a while—maybe fifteen minutes, maybe another hour. I don't know just how long it was, but I wished he'd come back and do something—anything. I ached all over, my gut was sore, and I felt like a plugged pipe with that rubber thing up my ass. The cockring was tight about my dick, too, and even with all the discomfort, I was afraid I might be getting a hard on.

I guess he must have left the room for several minutes, because I was suddenly aware of another draft against my legs. He took me down, and helped me lie on a table, on my back. The surface was cold at first, which made me flinch, but I didn't have long to think about it. I felt him wash my cock and balls in warm water, then realized it wasn't just water. The bastard was shaving me! I squirmed around, but I was afraid to move too much, both because I didn't know how close I was to the edge of the surface, and I was also afraid I'd make him cut my dick or my balls. I was yelling inside the hood, but he didn't say anything, just worked until he'd scraped that fuckin' razor all across my groin, between my legs, and over my cock and balls.

I was really pissed, because I could just see myself trying to play Master to my next john with my crotch shaved. I'd be out of action for a couple'a months! Then I felt a cloth placed across my groin. He took hold of my cock and pulled it through a hole in the cloth, and I could hear the snap of rubber. Then came some cold liquid on my dick. I was scared now, more than before, because I knew he was doing something else, and I couldn't figure out what it was. I felt him squeeze a gel of some kind into my dick, work it in, and a minute later he shoved something solid up the pisshole.

I really fought him then, struggling to get loose and yelling again into the gag. I tried to roll off the table, but he held me down. "You try that again, punk, and I'm going to use something on you that'll really hurt," he said. "Now hold still or you'll do yourself some harm."

I lay back, real tense and shivering. The butt plug ached in my ass, and my whole body tensed as I felt the tube go up my dick, and there wasn't a fuckin' thing I could do about it. I could feel it go right up into me, and it felt like it was going to start coming out of my mouth. Then I had a terrific sensation in my balls, and a terrible urge to piss. He made a couple more adjustments, pulled off the cloth, undid my chains, and stood me up again—back where I'd started, standing in the center of the room with the chain attached to the ceiling.

I felt him fooling with the back of the hood, and all of a sudden he jerked it free and out of my mouth. The dim light of the room made me blink, and I almost lost my balance as the chain pulled tight against my throat, and I caught myself. He stood a couple of feet away from me, wearing just a pair of jeans and boots with a wide black belt. He wasn't a bad looking dude, really, good body with lots of hair, sort of dark brown, with dark, deepset eyes. He was craggy and tanned about the face, but he looked a lot harder than he sounded, because his voice was kinda soft and young.

He stroked his chin with one hand, playing with the narrow little beard. "Now," he said, "I'm going to explain exactly what your situation is." He picked up a can of beer, took a swig and held it up to my lips so I could take the rest. Then he went on: "First, you're my prisoner. No one knows you're here, so I can keep you as long as I like. I've cleaned you out and strapped a butt plug up your ass. I've shaved you and put a catheter in you, and you're drained for the moment. But from now on you'll piss only when I want you to piss. You'll shit only when I take the plug out. You'll eat and drink only what I give you. And you'll keep on breathing only so long as it pleases me to have you breathe. You're going to be my plaything, and you're going to entertain me until I get tired of you."

"What...what's gonna happen to me when you get tired of me?" I asked, my voice so raspy I could hardly speak above

a whisper.

"That will be more or less up to you," he said. "It'll depend on how much you've pleased me."

"You fuckin' bastard," I shrieked. "You'll never get away with it." I tried to scream, but my throat was so dry, even after the little bit of beer he'd given me, I could only produce a croaking sound.

It didn't seem to bother him. He just grinned at me. "I'm going to give you a choice," he said. "Survive and service me, or..." He shrugged, spreading his palms in an open gesture. "Tell you what, you can make all the noises you want. I've got this room soundproofed, except for this." He pointed to a microphone on the wall across from me. "This connects to a speaker in my bedroom. I'm going up there now for a little nap. You'll just stay where you are until you decide to cooperate. When you do, just call out to me. Say 'Sir, I'll obey you, Sir.' Just that, nothing more. When I hear you, I'll come back and we'll go from there. Of course, I may be asleep, so you may have to call me more than once."

I wanted to answer him, telling him he could shove the whole scene up his ass, but he just walked away, turning off the light and closing the sliding panel, leaving me completely alone and in the dark. I could hear him going up the stairs, but if he closed the door at the top it was too far away and too muffled for me to catch the sound.

So I stood there in the dark, the tube leading out of my dick and clamped so I couldn't piss, although I began to feel like I was going to explode. My ass was tight and sore, and my skin felt tingly and cold where he'd shaved me. I wasn't really cold otherwise, but I had goosebumps all over my naked body. The chain was not as tight about my neck as it had been, so I was easily able to stand with my heels on the floor. I couldn't move more than that, though. My legs and back were already aching, and the pain got worse as I stood there. But I wasn't going to call him. Fuck the bastard! The rotten faggot had caught me off guard, chained me up, killed my friend, and now he thought he was going to play games with me. Well, piss on him! I stood there shivering, not from cold, but from anger. I could feel that fuckin' tube up my dick, the plug in my ass, and the chain around my neck holding me in place. I was mad as a wet hen, but I couldn't move—and to make it all the worse, I felt my cock arch out in front of me, not really hard, but—Shit, I wasn't going to give in!

I have no idea how long I stood there. Once I must have dozed off, because I was suddenly being strangled by the chain and had to fight the drowsiness to keep my body from falling. My mind drifted back to the various scenes I'd had, where I'd always been Master, and that only made it worse. My cock was enjoying the whole thing, poking out there in the dark with the damned tube dangling from the end. The urge to piss had passed, but now it was starting up again. I wondered what the guy was doing. The "guy"—I'd never even learned his name. He had the power to end all this, the fucking asshole! All I had to do was yell, say the magic words and he'd come down to let me loose. But I swore I'd never do it.

I wondered how long. Two hours? Three? Was it light outside? Must be. I must have been down there for half a day. No way to tell. I could hardly hold myself up. I was getting so tired. He had me tied up so I couldn't piss or shit without his permission. Nothing to eat or drink unless he gave them to me—no sleep, either, unless he let me down. It was on the tip of my tongue to call him several times, but I just couldn't do it. Jesus, what if my throat got so dry I couldn't call him? The thought struck horror through my guts, but it also lit a little light in the back of my mind. Why was I worrying about it? What did it matter whether I could or couldn't? I wasn't really going to give in to him, anyway, even if I pretended to, in order to live, to get something to drink and maybe a few hours sleep.

"Sir," I shouted. "I'll obey you, Sir!"

I hated myself for doing it, and I decided I'd spit in his face when he came back down—after he'd given me something to drink, though. I was so fuckin' thirsty, it hurt! I waited. And waited. No answer.

I hadn't expected him not to respond. "Sir, I'll obey you,

Sir!" I screamed out again, and there was still no answer. Again, again, almost desperately. Maybe the fuckin' mike was broken. Maybe the bastard was asleep and didn't hear me. "Sir! Oh, please, Sir! I'll obey you, Sir!"

My cries became a frantic, shouted chant. Every few seconds I called, and called again. My voice cracked, and I actually started to sob. I was sagging against the chain, choking as I tried to swallow, but there wasn't any spit. I was dry and strangling and desperate. I called and called, blubbering like a scared brat. I'd thought one call would do it, and now I must have been bellowing for him for hours, and nothing happened.

I had really given up. My calls had trailed off to a croaking whisper, and it was all I could do to stand up so the chain didn't hang me. In fact, I'd even toyed with the idea of ending it right there. Hang myself on the chain, then let the fucker do something with my body. But he could do anything he wanted, I realized. He could dump my corpse out in the desert, and nobody'd ever know. He had me, had me by the balls, and there wasn't anything I could do but call out for him, praying he'd hear me and come downstairs.

I hadn't heard him, but the light suddenly went on and there he was—still wearing his jeans, but barefoot this time. He looked at me without expression, watched me silently as I struggled to stay on my feet. I hated the fucker, I thought. I really hated him, but if he'd turned away and left me again I'd have done anything to bring him back. I was glad to see him. I'd never been so glad to see anyone in my life!

"Let's hear it once more," he said softly. He walked to the corner where there was a wash basin and the toilet stool. He turned on the faucet and started to fill a plastic cup with water. "Please, Sir. Let me have a drink of water," I whispered.

"That isn't what you're supposed to say," he replied.

"But I've said it!" I rasped back. "I've said it a million times."

"And now I want to hear you say it again," he told me.

For a moment I was blind with rage. I twisted against the cuffs, and felt the steel chain bite into my neck again. He poured the water down the sink. Okay. Okay. "Sir, I'll obey you, Sir," I said it in a gasp.

He was pouring the water again, this time with his back to me. "I didn't hear you," he taunted me.

"Sir! I'll obey you, Sir!" I shouted it as loudly as I could, and he came to me with the plastic cup of water. He let me drink it, holding it to my lips, which were trembling so badly I could hardly make them function. I dribbled half of it down the front of my body, felt the precious drops against my chest and belly, down onto my cock.

"Don't worry about it," he said. "You'll get another chance."

I thought he meant he was going to get me another cupful. Instead, he tossed the plastic container away and went to the shelf above the sink. He picked up a watering can, one of those rounded things that look like a whistling tea kettle with a long, narrow spout on the end. He brought this to me, and placed it on the floor at my feet. Then he took the end of my catheter, stuck it in the watering can, and released the catch on the tube. I felt the rush of piss as it flooded out of me, bubbling into the can, half-filling it before it ran out. He closed the clamp again, and stood up holding the can.

"Still thirsty?" he asked.

"No!" I shouted at him. I wasn't going to drink my own piss! He stood in front of me, holding the can, waiting for me to say something more. He stared into my face, eyes locked with mine for several seconds. Then he shrugged, turned away and started back to the sink.

"It's up to you," he said. "This is all you're going to get, and it's better to drink it hot. Kind of nasty when it gets cold."

He put the watering can back on the shelf above the sink and turned toward the door. He snapped off the light and stepped back through the panel, getting ready to close it. "No," I called to him. "No, please don't go off and leave me like this." I wanted to call him every name in the book, but I knew better. He would just have gone out and left me again, for God knows how long.

"Are you still thirsty?" he asked, pausing in the doorway, the light still off.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm thirsty," I replied.

"That's not what I want to hear," he said, and stepped completely through the opening.

"Sir, please," I shouted. "Sir, don't leave me!"

"Well, it's still up to you," he said in that same soft voice with the trace of Texas drawl. "After I'd finished giving you something to drink, I was going to let you down to rest for a while."

"Yes, Sir! I'm thirsty, Sir," I gasped. "I'll obey you, Sir."

He came back, turned on the light, held the spout to my lips and I drank it—drank it all. It was warm, a little salty, otherwise not bad. Before I finished the canful, it tasted like fresh spring water to me, and I drained it dry. He took down my neck chain, and led me to a leather-covered bench—the same one I'd been on when he shaved and catheterized me, I guessed. He told me to lie down on my back, which I did. It felt so good to let my muscles go slack, that I hardly felt the pressure of the cuffs against my spine. I was aware of his fastening my neck and ankle chains to the top and bottom of the table, but must have let go the tens on letting loose and I passed out before he finished fastening me down.

He must have abruptly turned on the lights, because I woke up to a blinding glare, with a spotlight—in addition to the other lights in the room—shining directly into my face. I guess I'd been dreaming, though I don't remember about what. I know I woke so suddenly that I tried to bolt upright, and was brought back hard by the chain about my neck. Then the whole scene changed to pain! My back, where I'd been lying on the wrist manacles, felt like somebody'd kicked me. My legs were sore and aching, but when I tried to move them I realized they were partly numb, especially on the top of my thighs. I was thirsty again, with my throat parched and my belly was rumbling, although it was a few minutes before I realized how hungry I was.

I tried to see past the bright barrier of light, but I could only make out a dull blur of movement near the sliding panel. I guessed it must be daytime, but I had no way to know. As I tried to move into a little more comfortable position, I was suddenly aware of something soft between my hands and back. While I'd been asleep, he'd put a small pillow between my spine and the manacles! It was a gesture of kindness I had not expected, and for a moment I felt the urge to call out to him and thank him. But that passed quickly away. The bastard had me trapped and chained, with a tube stuck up my dick and a butt plug wedged into my guts. For a few seconds I was mad again, furious. I realized I had to piss, and my gut was aching, too.

"How long you gonna keep me here?" I yelled. Only it didn't come out in anything that sounded like a man's voice. It was a crackly sound, like some old fart on his death bed, and that only made me madder. I wrenched my body, pulling on the ankle chain and almost throwing myself off the bench—would have fallen, if the chains had been a little longer.

He was standing over me, dressed in just a pair of leather chaps, big dick hanging out the opening. His body made a shadow fall across my face, and towered above me—a big, dark form outlined by the flare of brightness, hair on his head shining from the glow behind him. He didn't say anything for a minute, and I just stared up at him, my belly heaving in the retreating flood of rage. I was so mixed up, I didn't know what to do. I was still angry, but I was glad he was there. I was afraid of him, because I didn't know if he was going to kill me, or what else he might do to me before that.

"Please," I said finally, "please, Sir. I gotta piss."

He didn't speak, just unfastened the neck and ankle chains and helped me stand up. I wobbled for a minute, dizzy and unbalanced. My head throbbed and I almost blacked out. He led me back to the center of the room, put my neck chain back up to the ceiling hook, and started fastening something onto my balls. I tried to look down, but his shoulder was in the way. I could feel a leather thong going around, squeezing my nuts, and I sighed at the stab of pain. He ignored me until

he'd finished. Then he went to the corner by the john and came back with a plastic bucket. He fastened this to a ring in the bottom of my ball stretcher, set the end of the catheter into the bucket, and released the catch. A flood of piss gushed out of me swirling into the pail. I could see the bubbly level rising, while the weight began to pull on my nuts.

"I think I'll just leave this open," he said—the first thing he'd said at all. He walked away from me, and I was afraid he was going to leave. I was still a little dizzy, and I was so thirsty I could hardly swallow. I was also afraid I might pass out and hang myself. I looked down at the swirling piss and, bad as I needed a drink, I felt sick to my stomach at the idea of what he'd do if I said anything. The downward pull on my balls was starting to hurt, too, and I could feel a stab of strain up into the lower part of my belly. The situation was hopeless! Being angry didn't do any good. If I begged him, he'd just laugh at me. It finally dawned on me just how helpless I was—how completely powerless to do anything. And this fucking sadist knew it, enjoyed it!

"Please, man... Sir," I said. "I hurt... Sir. I really hurt! Can't you let me down? Let me take a shit, get some of this stuff off me?"

"You hurt, huh? Tough shit!" He went out and closed the panel.

Now I went through the worst of it. He still had some pretty heavy things to do to me, but nothing was worse than just standing there, naked in the glare of light, without even the former darkness to sort of tone down the sensation. My ass hurt like hell, because standing up had made everything settle down, ready to come out. The weight on my balls was killing me, and if I shifted just to relieve the tension in my legs, the liquid sloshed in the bucket, and it swung enough to increase the weight.

I must have stayed there for an hour or more, alternating in my mind between fantasies of what I'd do to him if I ever got the chance, and crying real tears because I wanted him to come back so badly. I remembered the microphone, finally, and wondered if he was where he could hear me. "Sir," I cried, sort of whispered at first, then as loud as my aching throat would allow. "Sir, please come back. Sir!" I must have called fifty times before I heard the panel click and swoosh open.

Without saying anything he came over, unhooked the bucket from my balls, set it on the floor, took me down and led me to the pot. He unfastened the belt around my waist and pulled out the plug. He shoved me down on the toilet and stood back grinning, stroking his chin and watching me. A stinking blast of water shot out of me, the remains of the enema I guessed, that hadn't quite made it the day before. I was humiliated, but so physically relieved I could only hang my head and thank him. It came out without my even thinking about it. "Thank you, Sir."

He wiped my ass, hauled me up and draped me over the horse again, shoved a tube up my ass and gave me what must have been an enema douche. I knew it wasn't much water, and this time it must have run out fairly clean, because he only did it once again. He ran some water over the butt plug, and started lubricating it again. "Oh, please, Sir. Don't put that thing back in me." I was standing by the john, feeling the dryness of my asshole, wishing I could reach down to scratch it. I felt I had to piss again, but he'd closed the catch on the catheter.

"Tell me what," he said. "I'll give you a choice—for the moment, at least. You can have the plug and be left alone, or you can have some hot soup and take whatever I decide to give you afterward."

"What do you mean for afterward—Sir?"

"That's for me to know and you to find out," he answered smugly. "Make up your mind."

I licked my lips, almost drooling at the idea of something to drink and hot soup was just the right thing. My guts churned with hunger. "I'll take the soup, Sir," I said.

He took me to the center of the room and had me kneel down. He locked a longer length of chain to my ankles, attaching it to a ring set in the floor. My hands were still

locked behind my back, but the neck chain dangled free. The catheter was still in my dick, and the stretcher still on my balls. He went out and closed the panel behind him. I swiveled about on the floor, testing how far I could move—not enough to reach anything. I settled back on my ass, still kneeling with my ankles chained to the floor in back of me. I waited. And waited. I thought he'd never come back.

He brought in a big plastic bowl of soup, chicken with noodles and vegetables in it. I could smell it the second he opened the panel, and my hunger seemed to swell up harder in my gut. He placed the bowl on the floor in front of me, standing over it with his feet on either side. "Go ahead," he said. "Lap it up."

I had a hell of a time balancing myself so I could get my face down to the liquid without falling into it. I managed, finally, and I lapped it up, sprawling at his feet, naked and chained and slurping out of a bowl like a fuckin' dog. But it tasted better than anything I'd ever had before in my life! It was only canned soup, I recognized, but it didn't matter. I licked the bowl dry, then rolled onto my side to catch my breath.

He kicked me. I hadn't been able to see them when I had first awakened, but in addition to his chaps he was wearing a pair of heavy work boots. He struck my shoulder and chest. "Get on your knees, asshole!" I struggled to get enough balance to raise myself, and he kicked me again. "Up!" he shouted. The pressure of his boot assisted me, and I got back onto my knees.

He moved behind me, took the back of my neck in one hand and shoved my face against the floor. My ass was sticking up in the air as he stood up again, planted one booted foot against the back of my head and in almost the same motion landed a hard crack against my ass with a leather belt. I hadn't expected it, and I cried out, trying to roll away from him. He shoved his foot down harder. "Hold still, or I'll strap you down," he snarled. And he let me have it again.

He whipped my ass until I was blubbering in pain, yelping when he occasionally nicked my balls, where they hung between my thighs in their leather stretcher. He unlocked the ankle chain, finally, and half-dragged me over to the leather table. He tossed me face down on top of it, locked my neck chain in place, and fell onto me. I didn't know if he lubed me up or not, but his cock was inside my ass before I hardly had time to think about it, and he rode me like a wildman! I'd only been fucked a few times in my life, and always for a good price and never with a dick the size of his. The fucker was big—a lot bigger'n me. It hurt, but it felt good at the same time, and before he was finished I was pushing back to meet him every time he slammed his hips down against me. My fingers were moving against the hard wall of his stomach, and I was groaning with every thrust. He came, and relaxed on top of me for several minutes before pulling out, coming around to the head of the bench and shoving his half-hardened cock into my face. "Clean it off," he said. "Lick it clean."

He sat down, straddling the bench with his crotch in my face, and lifted my head by taking a handful of hair and pulling it up. I obeyed him, listlessly at first, but finally with more enthusiasm as he shoved his dick into my mouth and started to get hard again. That was a lot faster recovery than I would have been able to make. He forced me to work on him for a long time, finally shooting a second load down my throat and making me go through the entire cleaning routine again. He got off the bench, and I knew he was going to leave again.

"Sir..." I didn't know exactly what to say to him. "Sir, please, don't go."

"Why not?" he asked.

"I, I'm hurting," I said again. "I'm hurting, and I'm scared to be down here by myself."

"Afraid the boogeyman's going to get you? You should have thought of that before you broke into my house." He switched off the lights and left.

This time, he really stayed away for a long time. I dozed off once or twice, but otherwise remained awake. My legs were manacled, but not attached to anything. At one point I got my feet onto the floor, but my neck was still attached to the head

of the table. It wasn't nailed down, and I could move it, but it was heavy. I wanted to sit on the floor, but the neck chain was too short, and I had to get back up onto the table. I almost fell, but knew I'd choke if I did, so I got back on top, lying on my stomach and waited. I had to piss still, worse now than before, and I could feel the slippery itchiness of my asshole, just out of reach because my hands were held by steel cuffs that were welded together, with no chain between them.

When he finally came back, he talked to me soothingly, stroking my back and shoulders before he freed my neck. He took me into the corner and let me use the john, took out the catheter after he'd drained me, explained that I mustn't piss for a few minutes. He even had a toothbrush and a tube of paste. He brushed my teeth for me, let me rinse and gave me some water. He unsnapped the stretcher from my balls, leaving me just the cuffs on my wrists and ankles, and the loose chain around my neck. He let me have all the water I wanted, then led me back to the center of the room. He chained me up by my neck again, and tied a black bandana around my eyes.

Then he whipped me. He started off easily, but got heavier and heavier, using a wide piece of leather—a belt, maybe, or a paddle. It hurt like hell, but he kept going, working all over me, always landing the blows where I didn't expect them, hitting every part of me from the neck down, even working my cock and balls with something lighter than he used on the rest of me. I was screaming by the time he finished, pulling around and around against the chain, but no matter what side I turned toward him, he belted it. He concentrated finally on my ass, and really whipped the hell out of it. At first I'd called him some names, told him I'd get loose and take care of him. But by the time he'd finished I was crying and begging him to stop. It didn't do any good and, during a period when I was quiet, he suddenly broke off. I heard the whip drop onto the floor, and for several minutes there wasn't any sound except my own labored breathing, and I wondered if he'd left.

Then he took hold of me, running his warm hands across my naked body, stroking my shoulders and sides, rubbing my ass and fondling my balls. Both hands closed against the back of my head, and I felt his warm breath on my face—smelled a trace of cigarettes as his lips pressed onto mine. Kiss me, he whispered. He pushed roughly against me, the whole front of my body pulled tightly against him, warm sweaty skin against the leather chaps, his cock shoved against mine. I resisted him for a second. I'd, in truth, never kissed a man before. "Kiss me like you meant it," he said again, and this time I opened my mouth to him.

I can't explain the reason for it. There wasn't any, I guess. I just seemed to melt into him, and for a moment I felt like I loved him. I know it's stupid to say it, but I guess I was so relieved to have the whipping stop, and his hands felt so good on my skin, I couldn't help it. For that few minutes that he held me and kissed me, I did love him. He played with my cock until it got hard, real hard and busting, ready to shoot. But he stopped before this happened, almost left me gasping. I wanted to cum so badly.

He unfastened the chain from the ceiling and told me to kneel. He made me blow him again. Then, leaving the bandana across my eyes, he chained my ankles back to the ring in the floor and left without saying anything more. As I heard the panel slide shut I wanted to cry in frustration. He was leaving me alone again, and I didn't want to be alone. The room was completely silent, except for an occasional creak of a floorboard upstairs. It was dark anyway, but the blindfold made it completely black. For the moment I wasn't really hungry or thirsty, but my whole body seemed on fire from the beating, and my cock was still hanging out half-hard in front of me and my balls were bubbling full. More than anything else I needed to cum, and there wasn't any way I could relieve the tension.

He must have put me through this routine for a week or more. He'd go away and leave me in the dark, come back unexpectedly and let me take care of my bodily functions. He'd use me, whip me, change my position so I was sometimes left chained to the table, sometimes to the floor, sometimes attached by my neck to the ceiling. He put the catheter

in me again and left it for—I guess—several days. He fed me soup and sometimes a sandwich. He'd clean me out with an enema from time to time, and he'd brush my teeth. I always knew that he was going to kiss me after he did this, and I began to look forward to it. Those were the only times when I felt halfway human, and gradually I came to anticipate his caresses, knowing they would come after he whipped me, and almost yearning for them because it meant an end of the pain.

Except for the beatings, he never really hurt me, and even the whip began to have a stimulating effect on me. Once he'd let me cum afterward. He'd held me in his arms, with my neck chained to the ceiling and played with my cock while his tongue filled my mouth, and he'd kept it up until I shot. It felt so damned good I'd almost cried, and if I hadn't been chained up I'd have fallen on my ass. When he went away, I felt a sadness that was like someone close to me had died. Sometimes I actually wept real tears, waiting for him to come back. Somehow, I'd stopped thinking about escape. There was no way I could do it anyway, and I was beginning to be—how can I say it?—I was feeling almost "at home" in this basement dungeon. He had some kind of air circulation system, because I could sometimes hear the faint hum of a blower, and the temperature never got really hot or cold. Even naked, as I always was, I was never really uncomfortable.

He changed my manacles a couple of times, always making sure my neck and ankles were securely locked when he freed my wrists, but he only did this to reposition my arms and let me rub out some of the stiffness. When he left, my hands were always behind my back, and I could never touch my cock to jack off, as badly as I wanted to most of the time. I began to live for the sound of his step on the stairs, and the click of the lock of the sliding panel. I called him "Sir" all the time—never knew his real name, anyway, and the feeling I had for him was like a dog for his Master. I couldn't explain it, or understand it. I just felt it and in a strange way I was, if not happy, at least content during those moments when he was with me.

One day I had been alone for a long period, when I heard the doorbell ring upstairs. I had never heard it before, and I strained to hear what else was going on up there. Several people must have been walking around, because the floorboards creaked in a number of different places at once. I heard a couple of doors open and close, and the murmur of voices. It got quiet, I guess when they all went up to the second floor, then more creaking when they came back down. I heard the door to the basement open, and several pairs of feet on the stairs. The voices got louder as I knelt there in the darkness, hands cuffed behind me, naked and unable to move more than a few feet. But I was not gagged. I could have called out. Instead, I held my breath, trying to hear what they were saying.

"...was with Jeff all that day, and must have been with him when he came here." This from a deep, harsh voice I didn't recognize.

Then I heard Him say, "I can't help that, Sergeant. The guy was alone when I caught him. If anyone else was outside, he got away without my seeing him."

Then I heard Bret, a guy who lived in the rooming house where Jeff and me had shared a room. "Well, I can't understand it. The kid was with him all day, and after that night he never come back. All his clothes and stuff are there. I know something has to have happened to him."

"Well," He said, "you can see he isn't here."

The steps started back up again, and it was on the tip of my tongue to call out. That's all I would have had to do, and they would have come and found me. But I didn't. I felt my heart thumping in my throat, and there was a clammy sweat on my body, but I kept quiet. I waited for the intruders to leave, because I knew He would come down to me, and I knew He'd have to be grateful.

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# NICKBOONER

The pickup's remaining headlight was just about enough to light up the backroads as I kicked the truck on towards the kid's uncle's house. The kid sat quietly, stiffly but letting himself lean against me. I wasn't sure if he was scared.

"What's your name, anyway?" I asked, downshifting to make a corner as the kid kind of pointed a direction.

"Shit!" I cursed as we just cleared a parked car. "Give me a bit of notice."

"Seth," he said, his voice breaking a bit.

"Seth," I tried the name. "We've got to get you out of this shit."

The kid took it from me, giving me the power or at least figuring he owed it to me. I was in charge and the kid was trusting me, which is as fine as a good outside triple against a dancing master of the jab.

"This slug really your uncle?"

"Kind of," the kid answered. "He did time with my father, who was a bastard. My mother died in this terrible crash, the bastard was drunk; he tried to take me on his scams but I kept getting in the way."

"Dad's a great liar; he's always in New York or Las Vegas. And a twelve-year-old kid looks out of place in some big spender's suite. So George said I could stay with him. Dad used to come by. Maybe he's in jail."

"Uncle George rides with a club?" I asked, sobering a bit.

Seth kind of snorted. "Nah. But they like him because he gets down and dirty and because he and his friends know where to find young guys. The bikers use them as runners."

It was common knowledge. We lived in a tri-state area and the bikers used to get picked up regular for the Mann Act when they packed young girls. They preferred teenagers because they are easily impressed, easily scared, and don't lace long sentences when caught. They got burned using girls so they started packing boys and once they saw how it shocked the coast and tie set they got a charge out of using the boys for sex too.

"I rode with them when I was twelve," Seth said. "Six years."

"And not all bad," I added, reaching down and taking his cock; it was as hard as I expected.

He leant back and spread his thighs, sitting careful so as to not show too much nor move me off, his eyes on the road but his tongue at his lips.

"That's it," he said, nodding towards a house at the dead-end of the street.

I cut the light and drifted in. There were no bikes, just a small house half hidden behind uncut shrubbery at the end of a long driveway crowded with half-rebuilt cars and a semi and rig. The grass was in seed; a few beer cans littered the lawn.

"You want out?" I asked Seth.

"Yeh," he said softly.

"With me?" I asked, reaching under the seat for my nunchukas and traveling bag.

"Yeah." He looked down at his sneakers.

I grabbed him under the jaw, an eagle claw about his carotids, and turned his eyes toward me. He flinched like a falcon brought to fist, but then calmed.

"You sure it will be better?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered, more firmly.

"Yes, Sir?" I suggested.

"Yes, Sir," he repeated.

I kissed him deep, kissed him because it's the act American boys are most resistant to, his lips tight, a shudder to his body, he took me and my tongue.

"Okay, Seth," I told him. "Let's go and teach Uncle how to treat one of my boys."

I tossed him the bag and stepped out of the cab, flipped the nunchuks once, twice, it didn't feel right. I decided I wanted to go in open-handed and pushed the weapon back in under the seat, knowing it would be a fatal mistake if my quarry was armed.

Seth yanked off the remains of his t-shirt and threw it on the lawn with the other trash.

"Throw it into the bed," I told him, walking around the truck.

"It won't be noticed," Seth said, looking at me as if I were crazy.

"Not on the lawn but in your heart," I instructed him. "You've been living with shit so long you don't pick up the stink. Now you've got to purge yourself of habits learned here."

We started for the house and I heard Seth grunt when a can crunched under my foot. I picked the can up and threw it against the house, then stared at the boy to let him know this was a lesson too, that he had to stop fearing things separate from his own body.

We went in through the screen door. Seth caught it. I turned on him, smiling but smiling coldly; he caught his breath, shoved the door out and let it slam. We were in a tiny kitchen, every open space of which, from countertops to sinks and refrigerator top, was crowded with beer. Two large trash cans— not containers, were filled to overflowing with empties.

"You're home," a voice bellowed, a bed rocked and a chair fell. "You're going to pay."

Seth shook a little. I held him for a moment, grinding myself into his round ass. We could hear Uncle coming. He was obviously drunk for his steps fell back one or two for every three forward.

"Your ass is going to pay!" Uncle promised.

He lurched into view, obscenely obese with the tiny genitals, yellow tainted skin, and a hairy pelt over the fat, nude but for the belt in his hand, blinking dumbly at me with little pig eyes.

I walked for him, smiling at the opportunity of smashing such a disgusting piece of existence.

"Who the hell?" he asked dumbly, raising the belt as if such a minor annoyance could serve any defensive purpose at all.

I had no desire to converse with the pig. My hands rose to fighting position. I bobbed and weaved as I set to my task. The belt came and I took it on my arm with none of the penetration of a kick. The belt flew free as I hook-kicked his elbow, then drove him to the wall with a front thrust kick.

Uncle grunted and only got his hands half up before Whup! Whup! Whup!— I slapped the bastard's head from side to side, then yanked him down into my knee and threw him to the floor. I hurt him but was careful not to put him out.

"That's your place bastard!" I told him, slamming my boot down between the shoulder blades.

I let the pig feel his place as I looked at Seth, made the boy follow my eyes down to the piece of shit on the floor beneath me.

"That's the shit that's stained your life?" I asked Seth. "They're all alike, using money or another's misfortune to play master; they don't have the guts to admit what they really are! Right, bastard?" I demanded of the pig, grinding my boot into his back. "Right?"

"Right, Sir," the bastard groaned. He knew the scene.

I knew he wasn't broken yet, was just playing for time until the bikers roared back, but I had plenty of time knowing the bikers. The one hurt biker had roared in, they all blasted out in a mass, roared about the streets, terrorized a bar or two, got around to getting their friend to an ER, and probably fought about what they should have done and then went off to crash. But I was sure the pig expected them any minute.

"Spread 'em out, slave!" I commanded him.

He spread, a bit slowly so I kicked him in the ribs.

"Hold that," I told him and walked to Seth, circled behind him, rubbed my cock into his ass and clamped my hand over his cock. Seth ground back into me, looking down at Uncle.

"Ugly piece of shit, isn't he?" I asked.

"Sure is," Seth agreed, his lip curling into a snarl.

"Too ugly to be a man," I observed. "Face like a pig but too clean for a pig— maybe a dog. Bark for us, dog." I commanded.

He hesitated and I went for him right through Seth. The boy was knocked aside and caught himself against the table about the time I kicked up through the dog's face, its lip split and nose mashed.

The dog looked down and saw the blood, then looked up in fear. Now the breaking-in had begun.

"Bark!" I commanded, picking up the belt.

"Arf, arf," it tried.

The belt splatted against its fat ass.

"Up into the dog position and keep barking, you fucking mongrel!" I ordered and beat him from side to side with the belt, striping the skin on his ass.

"Arf! Arf!" it barked, getting up, wagging its ass away from the belt.

"Good boy," I praised it. "You can lick the boy's sneakers as a reward. And keep that tail wagging."

The belt cracked upon it. It cringed and crawled forward, elbows shaking from trying to support its weight bent. Its tongue came out, tried once or twice, but it was too humiliated to actually lick it. . . until the belt cracked upon it again and then it licked fast.

Seth stood there, spread legged with hands on hips, and began to giggle at the dog on its knees, wiggling its tail cleaning his filthy sneakers.

"Get your pants down, Seth," I commanded.

He looked at me smiling, then his hands went to button and zipper and he pushed the jeans down around his knees. His hands went to the waistband of his torn shorts but I shook my head, walked back behind him and ripped the shorts off.

I pulled Seth's firm ass to my cock, clamped my arms under his fat pecs, and pulled him back to my chest.

I fumbled in my bag, brought out a cock ring which I clasped behind Seth's cock and balls, making his cock jut out and thicken. Then I brought out a dildo and took Seth to a chair where he sat on my lap. The dog kept right on at its task.

"Make him sit," I whispered in Seth's ear.

"Sit," Seth said, but there was no bite in his voice.

The dog paused but did not obey.

"Hit him and make him sit!" I commanded Seth, pulling him tighter to my cock.

"Sit!" Seth commanded and half-slapped the dog, starting a good strike but hesitating in mid-blow and finishing at half speed.

I leaned Seth to one side and Crack! popped the dog's attitude back into obedience to his fear.

The dog sat up. I handed Seth the dildo.

"Make it beg for it," I whispered to Seth.

He giggled and wriggled his ass back onto me. His legs were bound by the jeans; he tried to step out of one leg, but it caught on his sneaker. He levered the sneaker off and stepped out of the leg so he could spread his ass out wider for me. Then he held the dildo out above the dog's nose.

The dog hesitated and Seth slapped it, cracked it a good shot. The little pig eyes blinked in shock. Crack! Seth hit it again and the dog sat up on its haunches, tongue out and panting for the plastic cock.

Seth teased it, made it grab for it, then let it have just the tip. It took it greedily, sucking at it, slobbering over it, but Seth quickly yanked it out and made it beg for more.

"Stay!" Seth commanded, then flipped the cock down the hallway.

The dog actually quivered in anticipation, looking over its shoulder at the dildo and then back at its Master.

"Fetch!" Seth ordered and the dog flew up the hallway, its fat ass wobbling, thighs quivering, elbows rowing, and knees thumping.

It grabbed the dildo in its mouth and came back with it, wiggling towards us as Seth laughed and laughed, his ass tight to my cock.

Seth took the dildo, wiped it off in the dog's hair and sent him after it again. After three retrieves the dog came back red-faced and panting heavily.

"You want to fuck him?" I asked Seth.

"Should I?" he asked, smiling at the fat dog with the plastic cock in its mouth.

"Just to set yourself above it," I decided.

Seth got off me and immediately my crotch felt the cool of the air; I had been sweating from the pressure of his ass against me.

"On all paws," I commanded it. "With that tail high."

It got down. Seth knelt behind it, his cock arching out hard from its harness. He took it in both hands, aimed it

between the fat cheeks, positioned it, and just leaned upon it, letting his bodyweight take it home.

I stared at the dog, watching it chew at the dildo as Seth kept his weight slowly driving his cock. The dog hadn't been done much; his nostrils flared in pain but there was no escaping it and Seth liked the feel. Once in he began to fuck long and hard.

Seth was pretty fucking, breathing slowly through his mouth, catching at breath when it felt real good, eyes glossy as he concentrated on the feeling of it, caught the rhythm, hands all over his own body, on nipples, ass cheeks, taut stomach. He was just using the dog's hole.

The dog grunted. Its little worm hardened, its red tip bobbing. It was getting into it but Seth came, grunting as he shot his load into the dog.

"Clean him off," I ordered. But the dog wanted more; it was close to coming and slow to obey. I cuffed it over the ear and drew back to cuff it again but it was moving, slobbering over Seth's cock, balls and stomach.

Seth's eyes were on me, his cock limp and withdrawn. The scene had gone on a bit long for him.

I grabbed the dog by the scruff of its neck and pulled it up, pushed it up, pushed it over the table, tied it spread eagled to each of the table legs. The table wobbled under its weight and it struggled to keep still. It saw we were leaving.

"You'll get yours," Uncle promised. "The club will see to it."

Seth started to get his jeans but I shook my head. I liked him in just the cock strap and didn't want him taking any of this place with him. He bent and removed the remaining sneaker, then tossed it back over his shoulder with a smile.

"You'd better run," the dog fumed. "Any time now."

"Really?" I teased.

"Damn soon," he yelled.

I said nothing but searched in my bag for the candle, the one I had carved a recessed taper in four inches from the end, like a butt plug. I shoved it up his ass and his sphincter closed about the narrow, three inches. The wick jutted out.

"What's that?" the dog asked.

I just lit a match, lit the candle and put the match out on his ass.

"Come on Seth," I said.

"Wait!" the pig cried.

"Your friends will be here soon," I teased. "You've got an hour to sweat, squirm, burn."

We left to a chorus of curses. Seth walked gingerly across the lawn, nude and afraid of being seen, my hand on his ass.

I slept soundly. My body, stripped to efficiency by the growing pace of training, needed no aid to drop into the emptiness of slumber. My mind was free of troubles, working efficiently, and I had no need to anticipate the harsh alarm which for years had forced me to wake up before it shattered my sleep. This morning I was coaxed from sleep by the soothing interplay of two sets of tongues, gently bidding me to give up the precious oblivion of sleep for the sensuality of morning.

I remembered not the dream; my mind drifted from it on the way to sexual desire. I stretched toward morning, reached down to scratch my balls, found a head in the way, and was awake. A breeze from the open window played upon my skin. I heard birds singing. The first rays of the sun were lightening the sky.

I motioned sleepily and Bobby crawled in beside me, fitting himself to me. I toyed with his nipples and watched Seth at my cock, straining at the taut leash between his collar and the lower bedpost, the work of the jealous Bobby.

"Leave off there," I ordered.

Seth looked up reluctantly, my cock in his mouth, his eyes begging for more. But there was no respite and he let it fall, got out of the bed and knelt beside it. I sat up and he took my cock again, waiting.

The piss came slowly at first, then started to gush so I had to clamp down again and again, giving him no more than a mouthful at a time.

Seth took it gamely; he had no taste for piss, not like he did for cock or someone toying with his ass. But he took it from

me willingly, to prove he enjoyed his place. I noticed the marks of my belt on his ass and a bruise of two up his back and wondered if perhaps I was being too hard on him. But I put it out of my mind. Physically he was filling out, his confidence was growing, his tutor expected him to be ready to take his GED in a month or two, and he was doing well at his new job. Seth was doing damn fine and had voiced no complaints.

I turned my attention to Bobby and noted again how much he got off on watching Seth serve me. I decided he got off a bit too much; he was forgetting his place.

"Like the way he guzzles piss, Bobby?" I asked.

Bobby looked up from his daze, knowing from my voice that I was planning something.

"Yes Sir," he answered.

I smiled down at my feet, brought up one foot and pushed Seth off, I pointed Bobby to his place. He got down, crawled over and took my cock. I didn't have much piss left so I held what I had and made him work for it. Bobby had been holding his breath, now took a gulp of air and still didn't get the piss. I smiled at Seth who was sitting passively wiping a faint trace of urine from the corner of his mouth down to his chin. Bobby was breathing evenly now and I let him have my last trickle and stood up.

"You're a good slave," I told Bobby. "You deserve your own boy, but you're still my piss drinking punk, even if maybe you're now the head piss drinker."

I grabbed him by the back of the neck, forced him forward and swatted his ass a few times to assure him that I still cared about his development.

Seth had crouched at my approach, offering his ass as a target, not because he liked getting spanked but because he didn't like Bobby getting any treatment I didn't give him. So I just unsnapped his chain.

"Get dressed punks," I told them and went to the short clothesline hung in the corner. It was crowded with shorts, wraps, socks, and jocks and I picked out what seemed to be clean and dry. I dressed in jock, socks, plastic sweat top, training shoes, and went downstairs. Bobby and Seth followed and we went through our stretches.

I do not recommend stretching with a dancer as it's very bad for the ego and frustrating as hell. The only advantage to it at all is that it makes you work twice as hard as you would alone just to keep even, or close to even. I hate stretching, it took the Senser's belt to get me where I am now and I know it's not far enough.

I probably would have quit early if it weren't for their eyes upon me; with their support I kept at it until even Bobby's eyes looked to me to have done. I grunted and stood. Seth fetched the ankle weights and tied them in place. Bobby handed me the handweights fashioned from salvage railroad bolts, and we went out and began our morning run.

I have to lose myself in the mechanics of running for it to do any good. Seth likes to chatter so Bobby lags back and keeps him away from me. The match was set for seven rounds with a black fighter up from Baltimore which is a good kickboxing town. I'd never met him but had heard he was a nose-to-nose brawler which made conditioning number one. So it was seven miles at a slow to medium pace.

The week before the fight I'd go to half-mile work, setting the pace for fast, hard rounds. Half-miles and sprints. Slick Sam took care of the hardness; only running could give the staying power.

After the first fifteen minutes, about two miles, my body was well enough adjusted to running that I could relax from the mechanics and sink into it. A half hour gone and I coughed up the last remnants of phlegm from my system.

Seth was panting hard but trying to hang in. I dropped back beside him. Sweat was broken out on his forehead, his throat and cheeks were too red, his stance was clearly breaking down, but his eyes were set. I looked to Bobby who runs like a gazelle and he nodded back as I drifted back to the front.

This was further than Seth had ever made it and he was determined to follow me to the end. But I knew he wouldn't make it. Bobby would take care of him. Soon I heard the dry coughs give way to the gasping whines of vomiting and I was alone.

My heart was set. I continued running towards the fight, away from the softness that beckoned me to tend to Seth, to feel him soft and grateful as I took the pain from him. Bobby would tend to that. I'd have to be content with Seth's respect and my own place.

I picked up the pace a little to cleanse myself with pain. My arms ached from the weights, cried to be stretched down even for a moment, but I kept them where they would be in the fight. My calves ached and ankles gave beneath me but I kept to the pace, trading pain for toughness, willing my body to obey.

I began to cough dizzily when I turned down the last lane, heading home. I almost gave in but then saw Bobby and Seth cutting across the field and I knew their eyes were on me. My thighs were leaden, my feet hit hard, and the whole movement of running was jerky and uncoordinated. But it was the best I could give.

The world had developed a decidedly red tinge by the time I reached them, the air was damn hot, my movements slow and frustrating, but I moved through Hell or Mars and walked it in, forcing myself to breathe through my nose so they wouldn't hear me pant, walking very carefully, fearing my legs wouldn't hold. It was one of those inconvenient times to have slaves about, but their presence had forced me beyond myself.

The boys stripped outside the backdoor and hosed each other down while I sat on the hood of the pickup and relaxed. Bobby pushed the nozzle into Seth's mouth and flushed the puke from it, played the hard spray into his armpits and then his ass, holding the hole open with a finger, and finally over the now-hard cock until Seth shone in the early morning sun like an otter.

Seth was very careful about washing Bobby who pranced and posed in the spray for me. The two tanned bodies were glistening and gleaming, both sleek—not gaunt like the moving corpse of a runner nor as smooth as a swimmer's. Their asses were round, inviting. My cock arched into my jock and I kicked it and my shorts off. I leant back against the windshield and felt damn good to be alive.

They joined me on the hood; Bobby to the left, Seth to my right. I shoved Seth down onto my cock and we watched him bob up and down on it.

"What time's the audition?" I asked Bobby.

"Eight," he said. "Madame Bowtrey hasn't taken a dancer from our area in eight years."

"So?" I asked, then slapped Seth for nipping me with his canine. He took the slap like a kiss.

"Jealous again?" I asked incredulously. "Have a seat on my cock if you want, but shut up."

Seth scampered up, his feet squeaking on the hood, squatted over me, lowered himself down to my cock, bobbed once, twice, and then settled in. His asshole was hot and wet, clutching at me. I kept him moving about my cock, playing with his.

"You afraid of being rejected?" I asked Bobby.

He smiled, pulled his knees in, shook his wet hair, and rocked back, thinking.

"I'm not uncomfortable," was the phrase he settled on.

"You afraid of being accepted?" I asked.

He looked about him. "I've never been this happy."

We had been damn happy. I couldn't remember being happier. The days had passed in a slow process on and we were taking a chance with no guarantee of winning. Even sex-crazy Seth was affected by it, and grew quiet upon my cock.

"If I was a senser I'd probably have a parable," I said, regretting my ignorance. "All I know is that you'd be cheating if you settled for less and it would somehow cheat all of us, that these things are part of the chain."

Bobby shook his head. "I'll go if chosen," he said. "There's no way I'll be less than I can be but I want you with me."

"You are me," I reminded him. "Ying and Yang..." I let the mellow sadness take over as I have a tendency to talk too much.

Bobby smiled, playing at feeling fine. "I'll bring you a pretty gazelle of a slave," he promised.

I pushed Seth down and pulled out from him. "Finish this for me," I told Bobby. "I've got to hurry to get everything in by eight."

"I'll get all eight in," Bobby promised, moving in to fuck Seth.

The audition was in the old movie house that Bobby's company had transformed by tearing out seats, widening the stage, and jury rigging lighting. It was makeshift but with the acquisition of a rowhouse adjacent for practice rooms and offices, it served its purpose. It was in a terrible part of town. We parked six blocks away instead of risking the truck to the street.

Seth and I had sat off to the left to avoid the crowd of family and friends clustered in behind the board members sitting at the front of the center section. The centermost seat held a rather regal but masculine-looking woman of sixty or so, clad in forties fashions, and leaning on a cane. She listened dispassionately to the socialites dropping by to pay court.

The dancers had to warm up in the space before the stage because of the lack of room. Bobby did not see us though Seth tried to wave until I elbowed him and ordered him to sit still. Bobby was intent upon his warmups, a slight smile to his lips, lost in his world. The other dancers would practice a few minutes, then wave to their families, visit with a friend, or chatter together in little groups. They were getting off on the experience of just trying.

I was disgusted with the lack of discipline on display and had no doubt that the iron lady up front was similarly affected. She seemed to be chatting with the society biddies as one by one they pranced by but she had the look of a person who did not let the necessity for observing formalities interfere with her life.

"Bobby looks ready," I remarked.

Seth looked up and smiled stupidly, agreeing with whatever I said. He was toying with his gleaming collar, hoping to be noticed so he could smile his sweet smile and shock the hell out of whomever.

Some guy with a clipboard gathered the dancers together. Bobby stood listening but not caught up in the crowding together, the communal thrill of the trial. He was sufficient unto himself. Then they went up into the wings, so many that some were visible beside the curtain. The clipboard man sat beside the iron lady. All the lights were cut but one center stage. Seth's hand found my cock, and it was underway.

The dancers came and went, some better than others, some prettier than others, some with larger cheering sections or more favor with the board, but none with the cool, smiling calm of a professional going about his business. I would have stepped into the ring with the souls of any of these, regardless of the body housing them.

Except Bobby. He seemed a different breed altogether, doing what he had trained to do, meant to do, gave all to do. There was no applause when he finished but for a polite round started by Seth and I thought for a moment I might have been wrong.

Bobby went off and a ballerina came on. A few minutes later he came through the dark to us. Seth made room for him and I squeezed Bobby's ass as he squeezed in beside me.

"You were in a class by yourself," I told him.

Bobby settled into the chair, glancing at the stage but not caught up in the others.

"It was great," he admitted. "Doesn't hardly matter that she didn't notice me."

He was lying. He had trusted his dream and wanted it, thought he had it and felt it stolen from him, and was beginning to readjust his dream. But there was movement in the dark and the guy with the clipboard appeared by Seth.

"Bobby?" he whispered.

"Yeah, John," he whispered back.

"Hang around after," the whispers came back and the figure was gone.

After the last dancer was finished and the lights came back, the clipboard man went up on stage to thank everyone and in very polite terms to tell them to get lost. Immediately there was a schism; the dancers bundled into sweat gear and surrounded by family, and the society people hung back watch-

ing the dancers hurry off before languidly taking their leave, secure in the knowledge that they didn't have to try and do anything at all.

Some noticed us as they left. Seth made the most of his collar and flashing smile to incite titterings that started further up the aisle. Bobby sat quietly. I knew the feeling, after a win there's no desire to have a crowd about or even a world to be champion in, just quiet to savor one's peace in, a peace like sleep in the womb.

The old lady walked up on stage, dismissing everyone even clipboard man. When the door slammed shut she motioned for Bobby to come up and stood dominating the stage, tapping it with her cane as she watched him approach. When he was by her she walked about him, examining him.

"Humble yet pleased with your life," she remarked, her strong, clear voice carrying better than most younger women's. "Dignity not marred by pride. You did not learn that here."

"My Master sits up front," Bobby answered.

I have never felt prouder than when that aristocratic woman looked at me and nodded.

"Please disrobe," she told Bobby and walked down off the stage. She nodded as Seth and I stood and she sat down beside me.

Bobby was soon nude and standing obediently, a fine kourou.

"You have done well," she complemented me. "You dance?"

"Thank you," I answered. "I understand discipline."

"So I see," she commented. "Was your Master a dancer?"

"A martial artist," I told her.

"Of course," she laughed. "Does my new dancer know of the cane?"

"Certainly," I assured her. "Of discipline, selflessness, yet as much of love, courage, and ambition."

She nodded to me and we walked up on stage together, taking in Bobby's fine lines.

"Will he give you up?" she asked me.

"Speak to him," I advised, my eyes on Bobby's fine ass.

"Will you serve me?" she asked.

"If you will have me," Bobby answered.

She tapped the floor with her cane. Bobby knelt. She extended her foot. He kissed it and remained humbly bent to it. I felt my lip start to curl and my heart quicken. I found myself angry with her, wanting him back. She looked at me, saw I wouldn't interfere, and nodded.

"Do you require anything for him?" she asked me.

"Only the best for him," I answered, heavy with my loss.

She handed me a card from her pocket. "If you'll send his things?" she politely inquired and dismissed us.

I nodded and left the stage. Seth followed me out of the building. I was surprised to find Seth crying.

"What's this?" I demanded.

"I don't want to leave," he whined. "Not ever."

"We'll work on that attitude," I promised him as I pushed the truck towards home.

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## MEN

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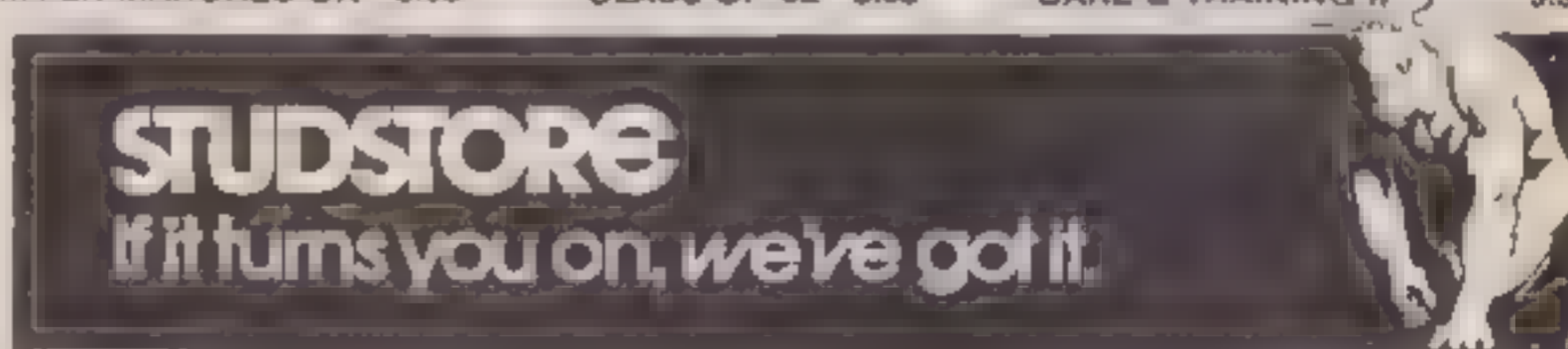
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Dear Larry,  
I'm not quite 18 years old, but I'm very interested in leathersex and am anxious to get it on with someone. But no one will have anything to do with me, because I look even younger than I am. I am sure that lots of guys have gone through this same thing, and I am wondering how they have handled it

Underage  
Connecticut

Dear Underage,  
If you're not quite 18, you probably should not be reading this, at least not in this magazine. However, I have to admit that your problem is far more common than our somewhat oppressive sex laws admit. If you get it on with an older guy, you are going to put him in terrible jeopardy, and in your part of the country he could quite likely land in jail. I also know that your own agemates are not going to be skilled enough to make your initial experience(s) either safe or satisfying, unless you happen to be especially lucky. I would suggest that you stick to Mary Palm for a few more months, then try your hand (or whatever) in the Big City, where it's legal at age 18. Talk to a few older guys in the bars, and try to get one who knows what he's doing to show you the ropes. Look around a bit before you take the first plunge. You might also check into the GMSMA after you're of age. They have a good program going in NYC to educate people before they get themselves in trouble or get turned off by a bad experience. Ask about them in any of the leather bars; the guys will tell you. The bartenders will certainly know

Dear Larry,  
I don't know if you can help me, or if there is anyone who can, because I have a peculiar problem. I'm a completely bisexual man, and I dig making it with either men or women. Lately, I've been more heavily into females, because they have become easier to find. However, my last two partners (women) have been very turned off when they realized that I also did my thing with men. They were afraid they might catch one of the homosexual diseases from me. How can I convince them that I don't have anything wrong with me? I get checked up regularly by my doctor, and I've never had anything. Besides, I'm not into fisting or heavy drugs, and that seems to be where most guys get into trouble. Oh, and just for the record, I'm always top with the women, either way with the men

Chuck  
NYC

Dear Chuck,  
If the chicks are too dumb to appreciate you, you'd better stick with the men for a while. I think the newspaper stories about the "gay virus," the "gay amoeba," "gay cancer," etc. have frightened a lot of people. If a woman doesn't know what it's all about, you can't really blame her; it's given a lot of us cause to re-examine what we're doing. Anyway, a good top should have a smooth enough line to make them feel at ease, and if you

# THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK Larry Townsend

don't have it maybe you should do a little introspection. Are you sure, for instance, that the fear of "gay disease" isn't just an excuse?

Dear Larry,  
I have been playing top to a very humpy bottom (in fairly heavy scenes), but after the first few times he has started to "take over," and it has gotten worse the more we play. He keeps saying things like, "Please, Sir, don't shake the amy!" (when he sees me getting ready to give him a hit), or "Please, Sir, would you use the other whip?" Things like this all the time, so that I am actually doing only what he tells me to do. If I don't go along with his suggestions, he starts yelling at me about "passing his limits" and "This is going to kill our relationship." I've tried to talk to him about it afterwards, but he just insists he loves what I'm doing to him and that his comments are only self-protective and within his rights in the setting of limits. It's making it very difficult for me to function, and I don't know exactly how to handle it

Topman  
Chicago

Dear Top,  
It's time for you to put your foot down, and put it down hard. If you've made it with the guy a number of times and he still comes back for more, you are obviously doing something right. By this time you should be completely attuned to his legitimate limits, and if you observe them you are well within your rights to tell him: "Look, baby, you've set the (general) limits; I'm calling the shots. You do it my way, or find another top." This nit picking by the bottom is very distracting and destructive to any scene, and a good top should be in sufficient demand that he doesn't have to put up with it. The only place where I can see any excuse for it is the case of an experienced bottom teaching a novice top, but even here it should cease after a few sessions

Dear Larry  
My Master likes to use hot wax on me, which I very much enjoy while he is doing it. However, I have a very hairy body, and getting the stuff off afterwards is much more painful than the actual application—and no turn on at all. Can you suggest some way to get it

off more easily? If you can, I would be eternally grateful

Slave  
New England

Dear New England Slave,  
Just as a proper slave should bear his welts and bruises with pride, so should you enjoy your waxy cocoon. As to getting it off, you have two choices: get it cold enough to break it off (a bit rough on the body), or warm enough to make it more pliable. A good hot bath, as hot as you can stand it, is probably the best bet. That way, you can remove most of the wax before it goes down the drain and plugs up your Master's pipes.

Dear Larry,  
I've read a number of articles, and been told by people who are supposed to know, that piss is sterile and that drinking it won't hurt me. But I still have trouble with the idea that any excrement can be clean. Aren't the kidneys supposed to remove the impurities from the blood? And doesn't all that shit come out in the urine?

Name withheld  
Macon, GA

Dear Withheld,  
If you can find that kind of action in Macon, GA, I'd suggest you grab it fast! What you've read and what your friends have told you is more or less true. Your own urine is sterile to you, and if you are in good health either taking or giving piss should not be dangerous. The problem arises when a donor or receiver has a physical problem. Of course, not everyone is as careful as he should be, nor as considerate as he should be of the welfare of his sex partner. A prick, "they" say, has no conscience

Dear Larry,  
I go to the gym regularly, and I am working very hard to develop my body. So far I have had very good results. (I'm 28 years of age.) I now have a lover, we've been together for five months. He insists on having sex in the morning before I leave for work, and although I enjoy it I am afraid that it is going to interfere with my body building program. He says it won't make any difference, but several of my friends at the gym say it will. Will it?

Bodybuilder  
Washington, DC

Dear Bod,  
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tache, beard, hairy chest into moder-  
ate S&M. FF, hot wax, VA, recycled  
beer shot down my throat, body shav-  
ing, head trips and almost everything  
else. I'd like to eat your pits and suck  
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**ATLANTA AREA MS**  
WM 35 5' into B&D, S&M C&B whips, toys, Fr a/p, Gr a/p, 501 levis, VN army boots, and heavy ball work. No FF scat, damage. Phone a must. Box 3003

**—BREECHES AND BOOTS—**  
Seeking lean, submissive partner who wears English riding clothing and has a fetish for tall, tight, polished boots. I am booted and breeched top white 60 5 feet 165 pounds into leather light S&M motorcycling, boot worship, uniforms and wearing riding clothing in public with similarly clad partner. Your photo gets mine. Near Chattanooga Box 3155

**YOUNG SLAVES OR HUNKY MEN**  
May apply to a muscular real bodybuilder Master for all kinds of hot action scenes. A letter of application must include photo, qualifications and physical data. Rewards for excellent service and limits respected. No feds or drugs. Macon Box 3076

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into B&D S&M C&B whips, toys, boots. Fr A/P Gr A/P 69, susp. 501 levis and ball work. No FF scat, WS drugs, damage. Phone a must. Travel

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**ATLANTA PISSSLAVE WANTED**  
36 6' 175 lbs uncut blond muscular wants to subject well built B or W 21-35, to his raunchy imagination, who will suck his cum/piss soaked cock dry w/s, light s/m, p/o, leather fatigues. All photos get mine. phone number must. Box 3315

**ILLINOIS**  
6' 180 red hair/beard bodybuilder 42c 32w seeks muscular topmen (not masters) for hot action. Ltr and foto gets mine. Roy, 124 Mulberry St Athens, GA 30601

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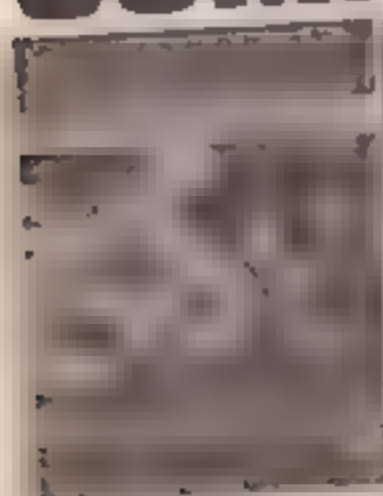
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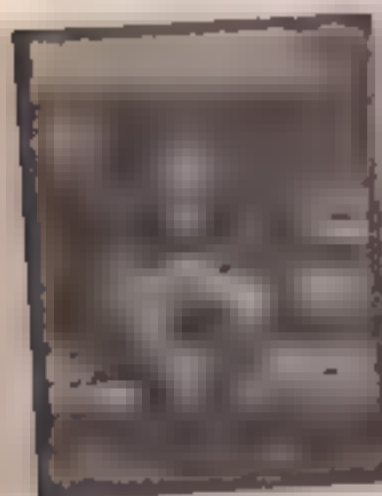
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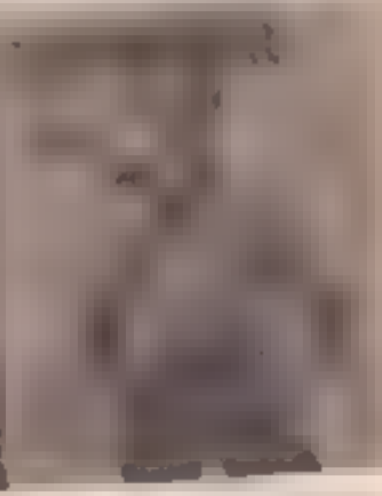
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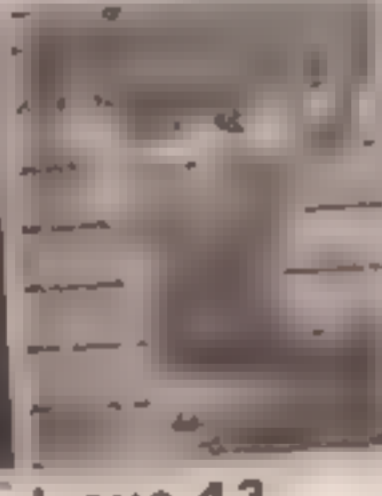
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Box 386

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Looking for a new toy to play with. Both 36, both mean as hell. We work together separately and we alternate to handle the most recalcitrant of slaves into bondage whipping, spanking, p.s.s. verbal abuse and exploration of all fantasies. Master Larry 5'2" b.b. 175 lbs. good body. Master Michael 5'6" b/b. 145 lbs. 9 1/2" and thick. Applications will be accepted from Real slaves who can handle total domination and complete control of mind and body. Don't answer unless you mean it. You will be used, abused and trained and if you get it right you might find permanence with us. Application must contain a recent photo, vital statistics, experience resume, and phone number. Send to MASTER Larry P.O. Box 1104 Sandy Utah 84091

#### VIRGINIA

##### SLAVE WANTED

For permanent non live-in relationship including B/D role playing and some T.L.C. with W/M, 39 6'3" 190. Sharp mind and sense of humor as important as body. You are to be enjoyed and fulfilled by your master totally, not just sexually. If you qualify send detailed application to Box 3215

#### INTO DRINKING HOT PISS

While a bikini clad hot male 25-40 sits on my face into p/o, phone or otherwise. Bikini underwear, swimsuits & cum stained, well used jock straps are favorites. Likes to be spanked, fucked and piss soaked. Dicks are fun too. Box 3170

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W/M 31 b in good physical shape wants a muscular/spirited dude who's into leather/levis/boots & bondage (all kinds). Let's see who captures who—for 2 hours or 2 weeks. Sweaty outdoor chain-gang labor a turn-on. Box 3292

#### DEMANDING DAD

35 W/M 6' 235 blue-blonde, wants smooth masculine well-built Daddy's boy who is able to be taught and trained how to be a good son. If you are willing to be dominated and raised properly including barebottom spanking and woodshed discipline when needed then write your sincere letter of request complete with phone number and proper photos. Permanent relationship with right individual who knows, perhaps this will be the last decision you ever have to make as you experience your hearts desire to be the devoted son you've always needed and longed to be. Box 3303

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#### NATIONWIDE

##### B.G. HANDS, FEET AND BALLS

6'5" 195 lb 8' 39, mustache. Faithful, level headed, intelligent, open minded, caring. Enjoy being top. Looking for a relationship with an equal or superior. Most scenes, light to heavy, especially all kinds of anal entry, heavy FF JO, (if genital work, leather, metal, rope bondage, suspension, encasement, motorcycles, weight lifting. Can travel. Lets take each other all the way. Phone

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### WHISTLE WHILE YOU WORK

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Toronto M. Pisces, 5'10", 155 lbs. blue eyes, uncultured, wishes to meet dominant S. 25-55, who is versatile, respectful of limits, sense of humor. M has moderate experience versatile and into leather toys, boots, Greek a.p. WS bondage

discipline. Have some experience as S. No fats, ferns, drugs, scat. Box 819

### HIP RUBBER BOOTS

Hairy built, into heavy black rubber & leather tall boots and gear. 36, 5'10", 165 lbs. B. uncultured seeks dom or mulu buddy into fishermen, firemen, scat piss, rimming, tit work. Photo from honest dude gets same. Come visit in country. Write, P.O. Box 13, Reserve Mines, Nova Scotia, B0A 1V0 Canada

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25 and 27 (5'11", 180 lbs - 5'9", 175 lbs) seeking contacts with hairy men. Into fucking, w.s., j.p., jockstraps, leather, dirty talk... Visiting Montreal and need a place to stay, our door is open. Write now with photo to assure fast response. Box 3288

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## ENGLAND

### WELL-HUNG TOPMAN WANTED

London 28, 6'1", 168 lbs. wants his arse and mouth fucked by well-hung hunky anyone or group. S&M and bondage

topmen. If you are under 55, good looking, well-built and can satisfy me, write in detail with photo to Box 1507

## GERMANY

### GERMAN SLAVE

West Germany Slave 32, 6'2", 170 lbs. Blond Moustache Blue eyes coming several times a year to the States interested in meeting Masters. my age or older into WS Rimming fra/p get ting spanked. I'm Greek passive. 7 uncultured. Box 1686

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### SOUTH GERMANY

Two hot extra hung studs 29, 180 lbs. and 44, 170 lbs. into three ways with good looking mature (30-50) bearded

versatile masculine men. Box 3165

35, 6'4", 180 handsome, aggressive looking for bearded S. M—FF— experienced studs who dig the real stuff. Photo gets mine. No scat. Box 3306

## ITALY

### ACTIVE SLAVE

Italian, 38, real sportsman, brown hair, green eyes, muscular macho type desires to serve as muscular master. I'm into heavy training, whips, FF, C&B and til torture. Like to receive verbal abuse. Prefer bodybuilder, but mainly interested in right psychological approach. Travel in USA. Hospitality in Milan. Answer with photo. Box 2020

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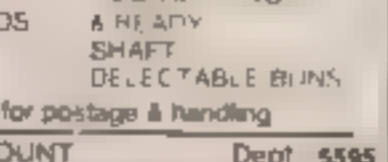
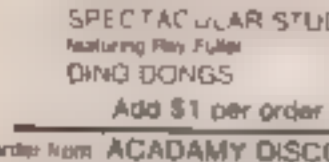
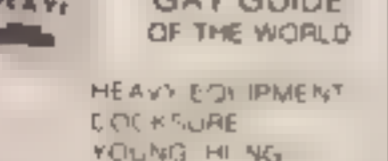
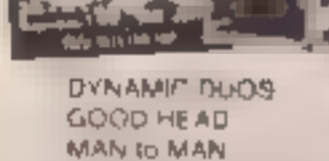
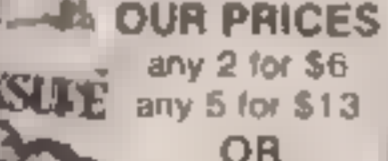
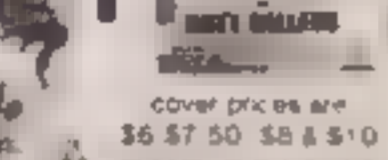
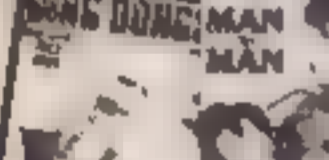
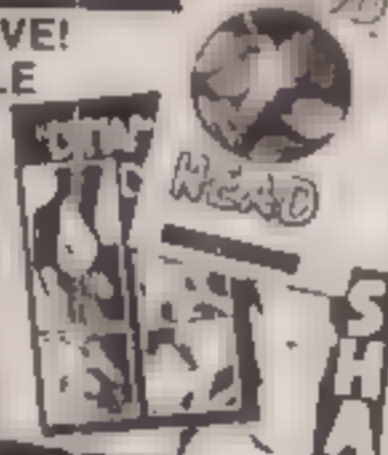
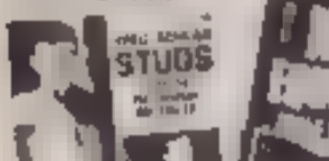
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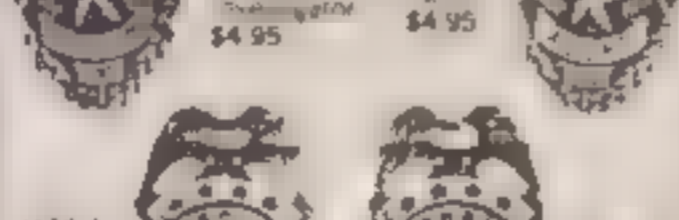
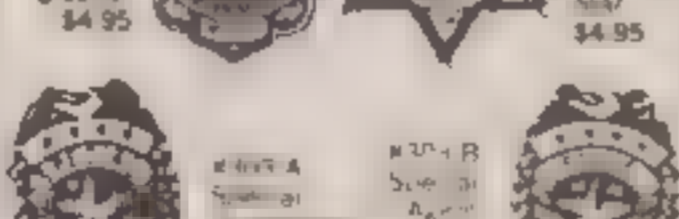
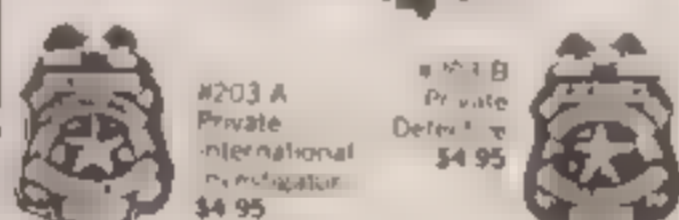
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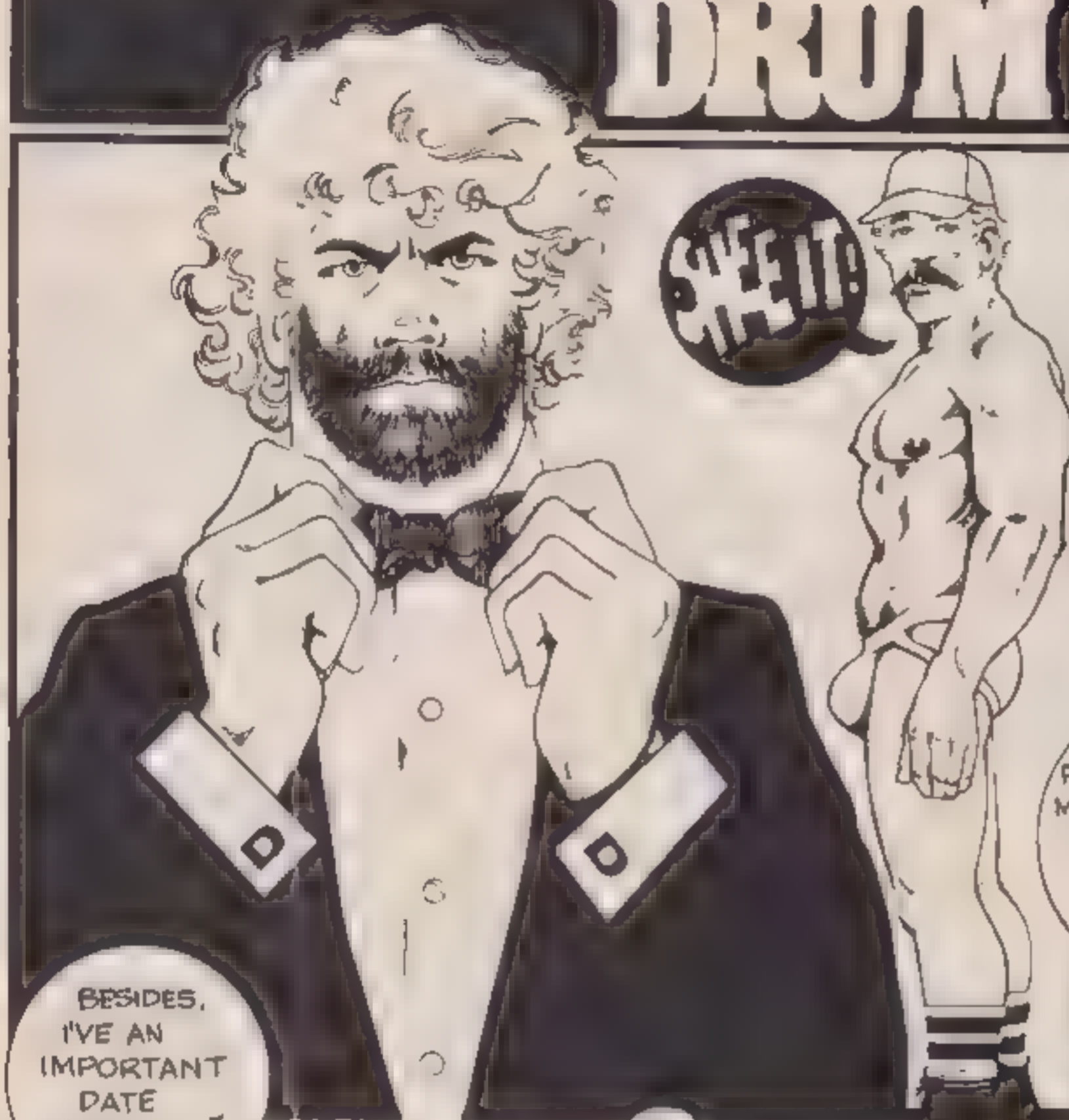
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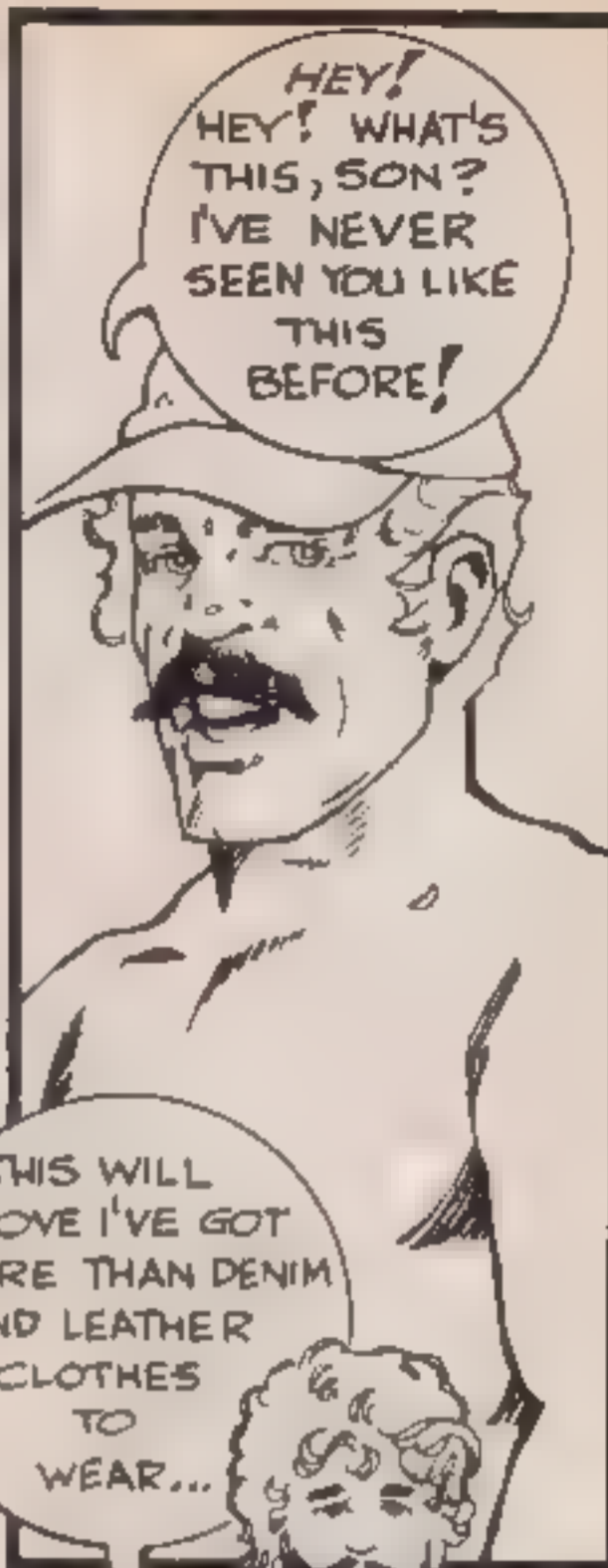
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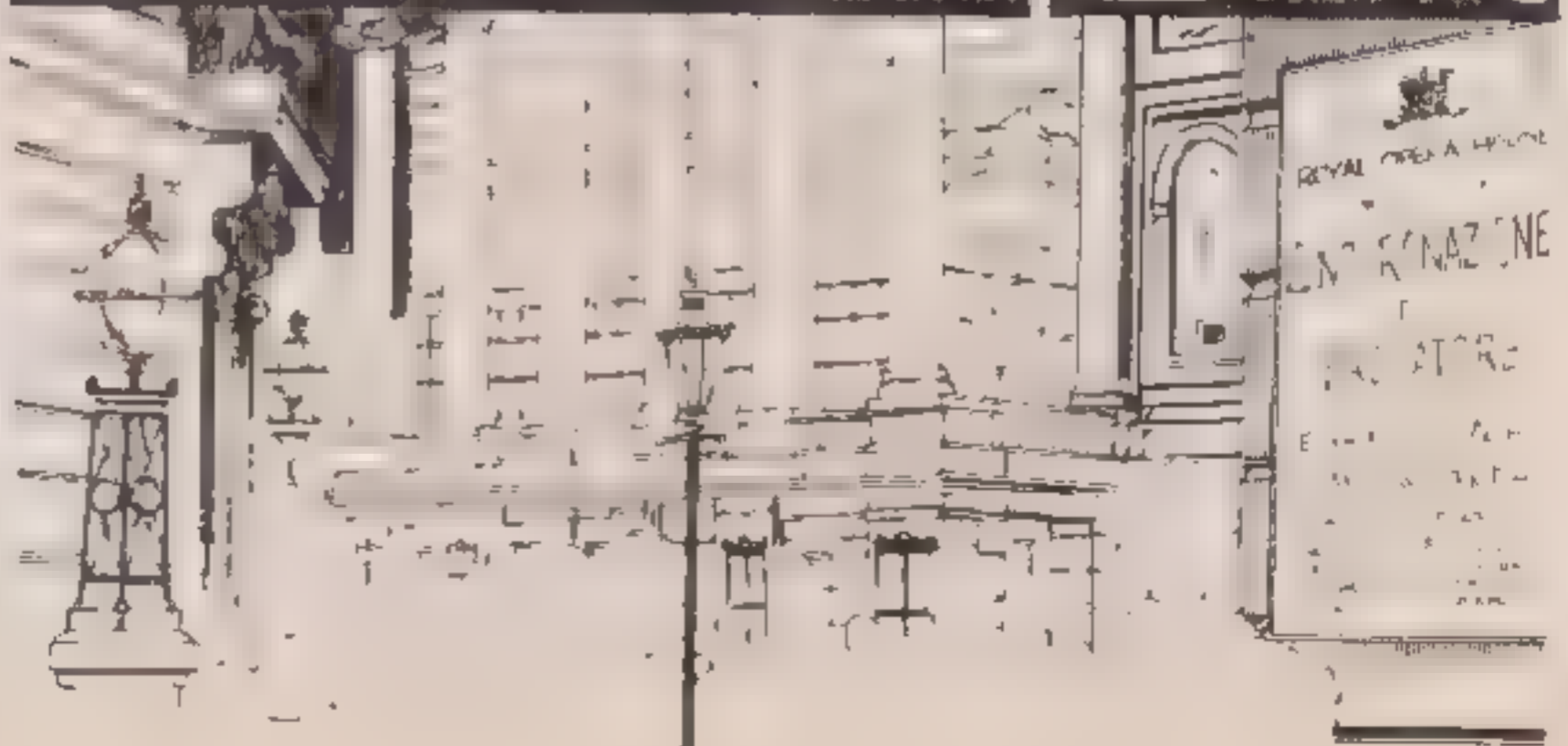
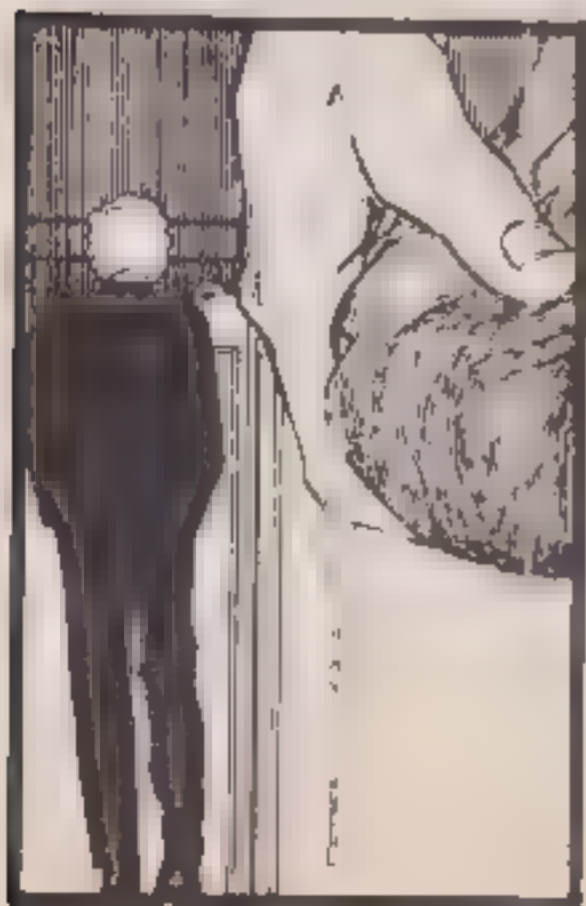
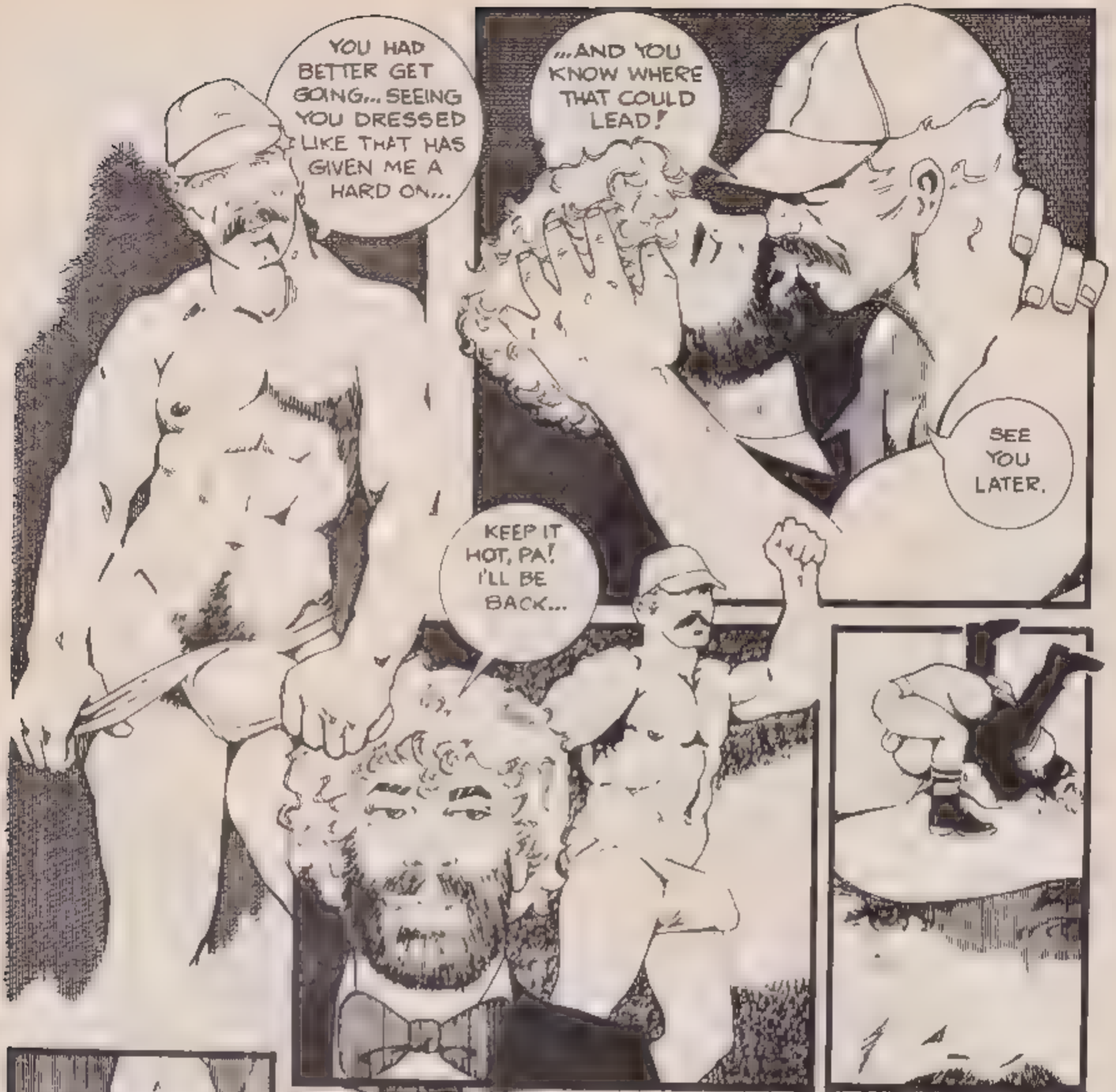
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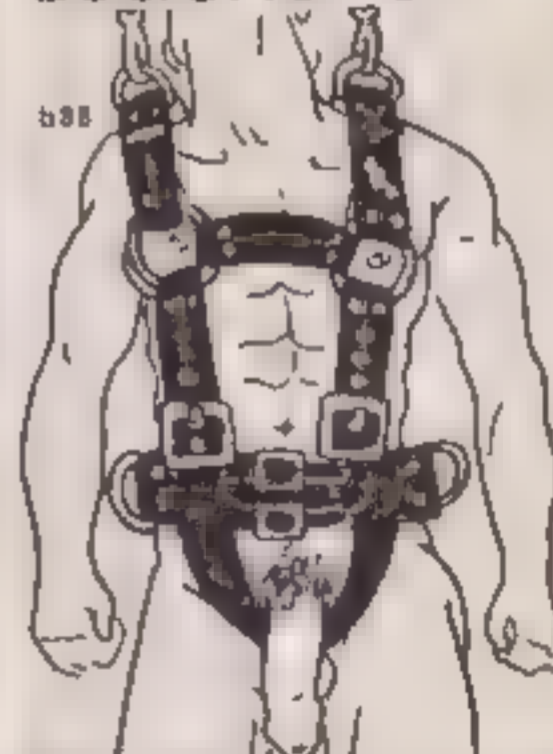
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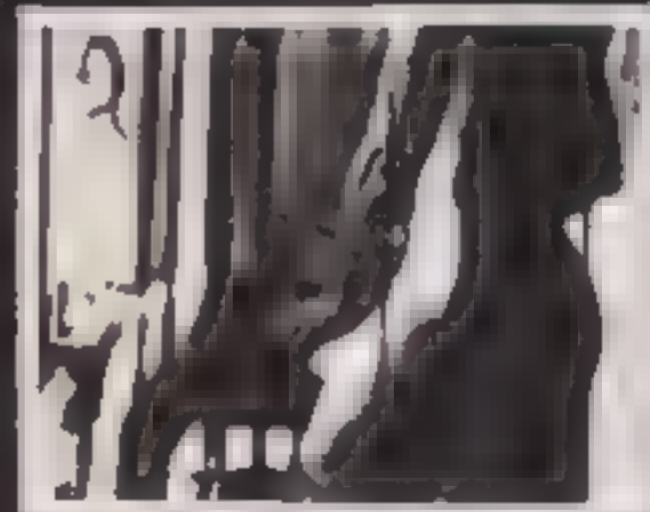
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# DRUMMEDIA MOVIES

## LOLA: THE KEY TO FASSBINDER

Once upon a time, in a post-war West German town, a new building commissioner, Von Bohn, an outsider, arrives to assume his post. He takes a room in a boardinghouse, seemingly austere for his position, and begins to tackle the chores of his office in a dour, humorless

manner. Although he is adept at meaningless conference speech-making, which he immediately demonstrates to the town elders, he does not seem to match his environment. The reconstruction boom is dominated by a corrupt building contractor, Schuckert, who is used to bending the law and brib-

ing public officials to get his way. He is not motivated as much by the greed of money as he is by the greed of class; his sometimes petty corruptions are devices to separate the right people from the wrong people. In post-war Germany, the wrong people are all non-conformists.



Rainer Werner Fassbinder, who made 41 feature films before his death this year, had only begun to display the heights of his talent in *Lola*, a film set during the post-war boom in West Germany. He made two other films before his death, *Veronika Voss* and *Querelle*.

Von Bohn is not a man entirely without passions, but sees himself as a peacemaker more than a maverick. His policies are those of compromise within the framework of regulation. Although he is democratically patriotic, he is viewed by the ruling elite with varying degrees of suspicion.

Schuckert, wealthy and hedonistic, has a mistress—the fetching fireball Lola—who lives and works in a local whorehouse. Lola is a symbol of her country during the post-war era, a prostitute suffering the perversions of foreigners, a survivor bent on achieving independence and power.

It is fated that Von Bohn, a widower, and Lola should meet, that Von Bohn

should be unaware of her situation or identity, but be taken with her to the point of obsession. Equally, Lola sees in Von Bohn her means to an end—respectability, security, the illusions of power.

The conflicts between these three characters in Rainer Werner Fassbinder's *Lola*, one of the last films he completed before his death earlier this year, make up a simple level in the film. The other levels, reiterations of the same conflicts, use the characters as metaphors for Germany's reconstruction period as well as metaphors for Germany's pre and post war history. With *The Marriage of Maria Braun* and *Veronika Voss*, *Lola* forms a trilogy that covers post-war German social mores

during three decades.

But beyond that, *Lola* is the key to Fassbinder's *mise en scene*; it incorporates his major themes and motifs, redefines a great deal of his personal cinematic style, and meshes his prolific outpouring into a cohesive, uncluttered, linear narrative that is, above all, more than it seems.

Fassbinder's two great themes, the failure of social orders and the illusion of fidelity, are connecting threads in at least three of these films, at their most pronounced in *Lola*. While *Lola*, *Von Bohn*, and *Schuckert* readily assume post-war characteristics—policy versus corruption versus the betrayal of ideology—they are also pre-war symbols and the



Barbara Sukowa, who plays the ambitious prostitute Lola in Fassbinder's film, was recently seen as the ruthless terrorist in Margarethe von Trotta's *Marianne and Juliane*. Sukowa also appeared in Fassbinder's television film *Berlin Alexanderplatz*.

analogy drawn is that there is little inherent difference between the Adenauer era and the cultural wasteland that let Hitler blossom; fate or chance decided the outcome of each.

Visually, *Lola* is Fassbinder's most 'painted' film since *The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant*, he has used pastel colors from the cold war years like previous filmmakers used the subtle gradations between black and white, a chiaroscuro of pink, blue, rose, lavender and turquoise that fills sets designed in the shapes of the 1950s: triangles and squares left over from the Bauhaus period mixed with the kidney-form of the Eisenhower years. Everywhere there is the texture of color and shape offsetting shape and color. Characters move from the light of one hue into another in some of the most elegantly painful long shots ever attempted. In fact, Fassbinder's editing style in *Lola* reminds the viewer of Bergman seen from a distance, the Swedish close-up now a medium shot in which the slight-

est movement delineates a wealth of emotion, motivation, development or plot progression.

Unlike the artifice of *Chinese Roulette* or the hysteria of *The Third Generation*, in *Lola* Fassbinder manipulates each frame and every cut in a structured rhythm that is so well conceived it becomes a course in film structure—an effect not lost on the uneducated viewer; *Lola* moves with a controlled pace that lulls the audience into accepting a resolution that does not come as a surprise. In fact, little in *Lola*, in terms of the narrative line, is expected to surprise. From the introduction of each character we can assume, correctly, his or her destiny. And that is part and parcel of Fassbinder's feelings about the era in which the film takes place. But unlike the 'small' film that examines a character or situation and goes for 'mood' or 'style,' *Lola* is an epic about small people whose megalomania had an epic effect on their equally small environment. The importance of small town politics and

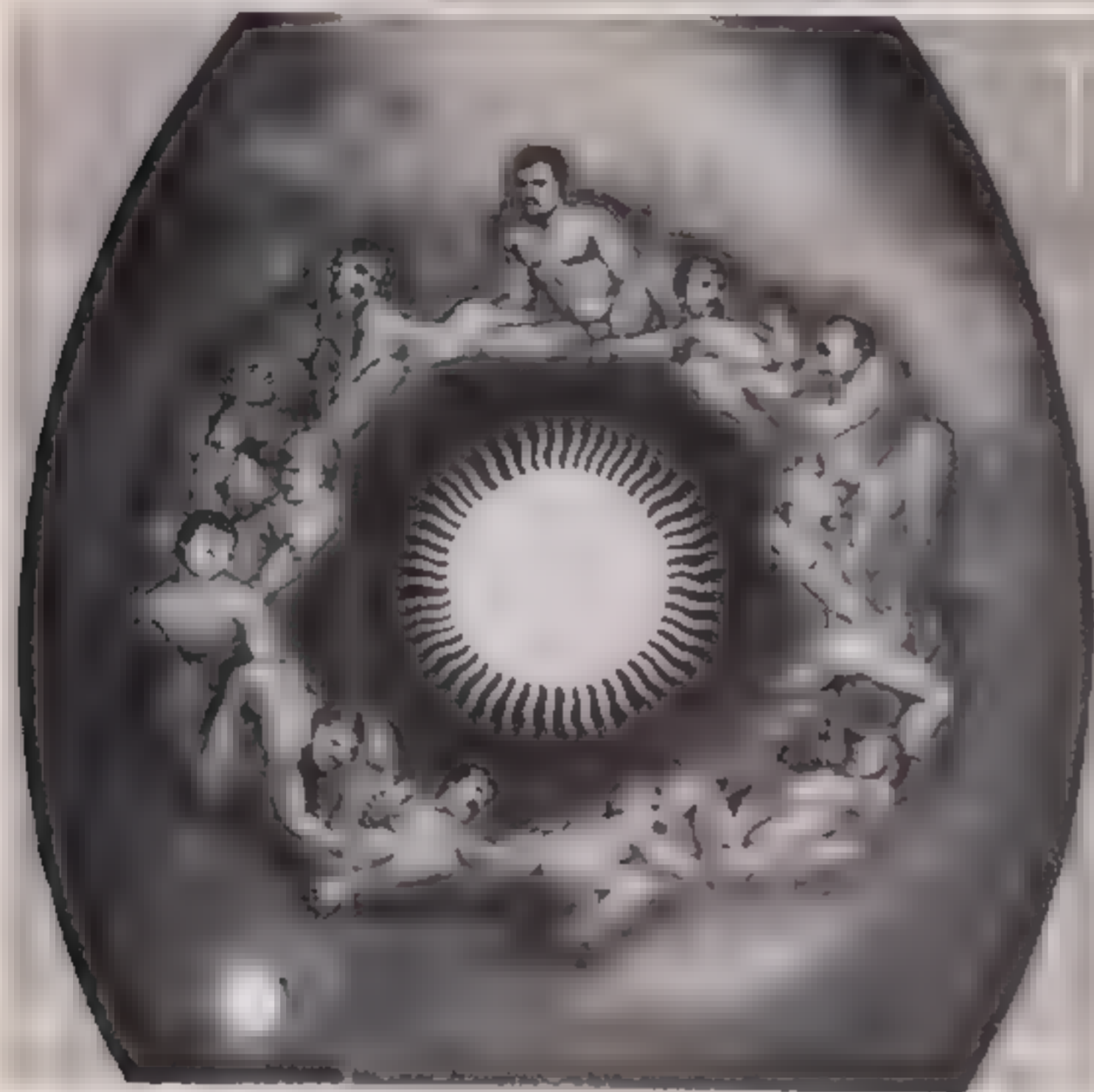
betrayals, the faithlessness of the ruling class in the post war years, the petty deceptions of prostitutes and building contractors become paramount only for the banal bourgeoisie.

There is a correlation between Adenauer's Germany and Eisenhower's America, chilling when seen from this distance of cultural perspective and time. In *Veronika Voss*, Fassbinder brought his history to the next decade, and the first drug wave in Europe. In *The Third Generation* a present-day theme, terrorism, showed Fassbinder's thesis that each generation practices terrorism. In all these films the same message underlies the narrative, all social orders fail, regardless of their nobility or intentions—if indeed there is anything noble in rules and regulations. But, equally, in *Lola* and all of Fassbinder's work, people fail, both themselves and each other. Sort of damned if you do and double-damned if you don't.

—John W. Rowberry

# DRUMMEDIA

# BOOKS



## THE DIVINE FIST

Is fist fucking part of the S/M scene? Through the years I have responded, "No." Years ago, many people felt that it fell under the broad canopy of S/M, but I never agreed. Purusha Larkin, author of *The Divine Androgyne* (Sanctuary House, 1982, 200 pages, \$25.00), emphasized the fact that S/M and fisting are not mutually synonymous when I spoke with him at his home in Southern California. *The Divine Androgyne* is an aesthetically eye-catching book and will certainly look great on a coffee table. If you are an aficionado of anything you can discover all sorts of quotes and reasons to justify your likes. Purusha has done this very well.

As a scholar and former monk, Purusha has hung his logical disquisition on the hook of Oriental religions and rational philosophy. Purusha sees the body as a temple which most people fail to understand and are afraid to get into. From this standpoint, one might seriously consider fisting as an exercise in sadomasochism. Many heavy sadists would disagree with this because they see fisting as a selfish, one-sided scene the fistee controls and from which realizes all of the pleasure. Other tops see it as a power play; the very idea of having a fist and arm up another person's ass

turns them on.

Personally, the logic of Purusha was rather shallow and specious, since it was an exercise in self-justification. This is not condemnatory of the book because I am certain that those people who are equivocal about the fisting scene may find some reinforcement here.

25 bucks is a lot of money for this sort of reinforcement, but the money is not a total waste because you will have a unique conversation piece and a well-assembled book for your guests to eyeball while you are resting up before the next session.

In conclusion, I must say that if I was looking for a champion for fist fucking, Purusha would head my list. There is no doubt in my mind that the man is sincere and has a total dedication to his scene. If you want to understand the scene from a philosophical standpoint, then get the book.

— Frank Hatfield

## BOOK NOTES

Chances are, even if you don't normally read science fiction, that you read, or have at least heard of, Robert Heinlein. His biggest mass-audience success (he has had a large number of successes, but mainly among sci-fi readers), *Stranger in a Strange Land*, was one of those rare works that become instant

classics. The protagonist, Valentine Michael Smith, and the concept of *grokking* were words to be heard on lips everywhere. Well, watershed as that work was, it pales when stacked up to Heinlein's latest, *Friday*.

*Friday* ("My mother was a test tube, my father was a knife") is Heinlein's most original creation, an artificial person with a heart of gold and a mind like a steel trap. She was created to represent the ultimate in genetic engineering—humanlike, intelligent; a combination of artificial flesh impossible to tell from the real things, and electronic circuitry the likes of which we can still only imagine is possible. *Friday* is an agent for an interplanetary organization the scope of which we can also only guess at—and the fast-paced novel puts *Friday* and her employers through their paces as we witness the shift and refocus of galactic power from one hand to another. *Friday* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; 1982; \$14.95), while strictly shot-through with Heinlein's own conceptions of family, love and betrayal, is as bold an examination into sexual identity as one could hope for; *Friday*'s lesbian tendencies fit consistently with Heinlein's careerful of searching for a pan-sexual solution to the missionary position. Not to be missed.

*Bom-Crioulo: The Black Man and the Cabin Boy* by Adolfo Caminha, translated by E. A. Lacey (Gay Sunshine Press; 1982; trade paperback; \$7.95) owes a great deal of its value to its historical significance. This Portuguese 19th century novel of the love affair between a South American sailor, Bom-Crioulo, and a young cabin boy is strictly melodrama for today's audience, and its high tone of morality, which rings so artificial now, was a real shocker when it was first published. Bom-Crioulo, for all his clandestine approach to his own homosexuality, is an amazingly 'up-front' gay man. The tragedy that ends the book is, however, to be expected.

Much more rewarding is *The Boy From Beirut* by Robin Maugham, nephew of the legendary Somerset. Robin, however, is equally well regarded as one of the more important post-war authors. *The Boy From Beirut* is a collection of short pieces by Robin combined with a sterling interview in which he talks about his uncle at great length. Robin's fiction, a good deal of which is based on experiences from his own life, is beautifully written. His openness about his own gayness and his treatment of gay characters in his short stories make him perhaps more fetching than his ancestor. *The Boy From Beirut* (Gay Sunshine Press; 1982; trade paperback; \$7.95) is a literary delight.

— Charles R. Musgrave

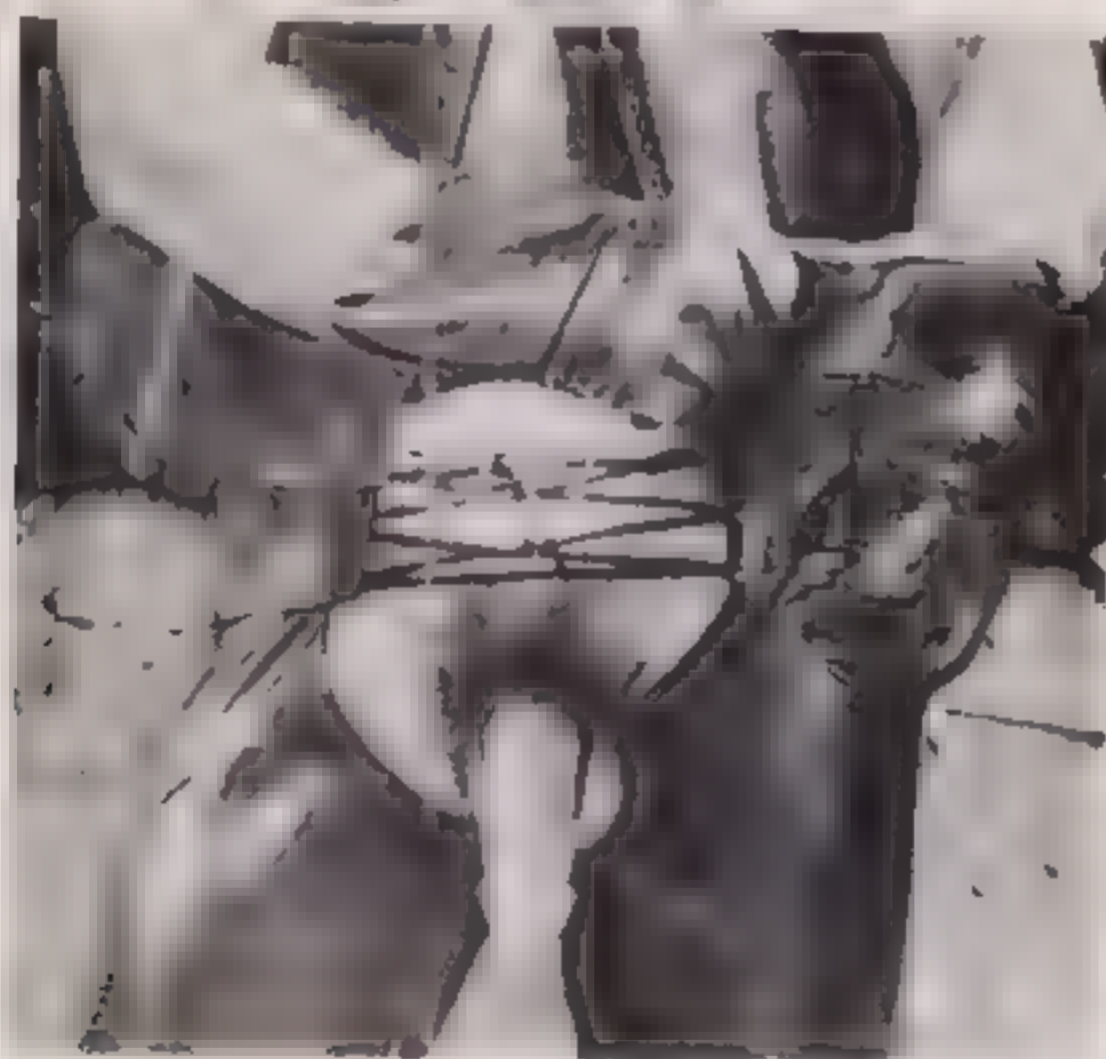


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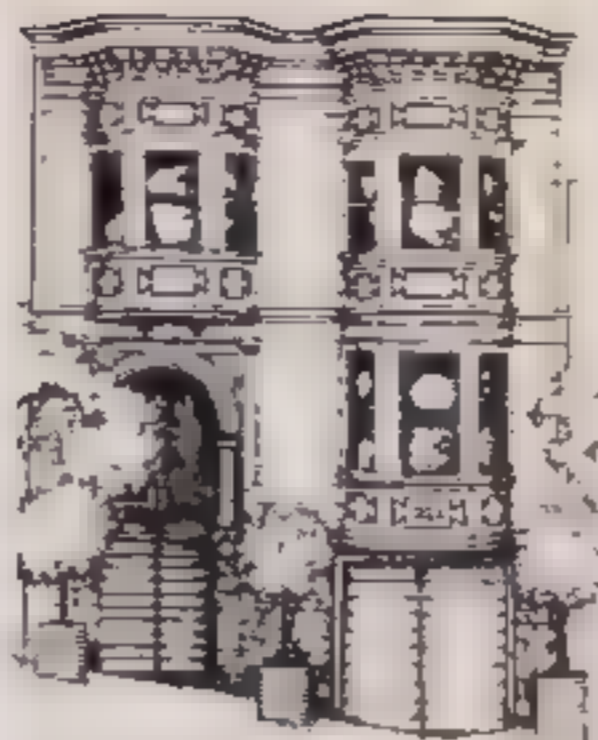
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# CONRAP

In previous columns, I have warned readers about the listings of guys in the joint who are seeking correspondents. I have urged the readers to take a chance and ping someone in the joint, because these men need your support. Remember, they are our brothers, men who are gay and are looking for that bit of correspondence which will make their imprisonment that much more bearable.

Now, I have discovered an organization which will help to clear out a lot (but not all) of the deadbeats who prey on the gay community with their confidence games—THE PROMETHEUS FOUNDATION.

THE Prometheus Foundation's mailing address is 495 Ellis Street, Suite 2352 San Francisco, CA 94102. If you have legitimate gripes about anyone you have started writing they will investigate and put that person on an undesirable list. Henceforward, we will submit a list of names that we plan to print in this magazine to Prometheus for them to check out in their files. If they have run con games before, Prometheus will let us know and we will not publish their names. This is not a guarantee that they know everyone who misuses you guys, but we will minimize the risk.

If, for some reason, you do not want to contact Prometheus directly, then send your letter to me and I will see they get the pertinent information. Prometheus operates on a limited budget and needs whatever donations they can get so, if you have a few spare bucks, then you might consider sending them some money. I am sure they will appreciate it. So, dig into your jeans and see if you can help them.

The California Department of Corrections reversed its plan to stop the publication of prison newspapers and magazines. The reason given, originally, was to save \$58,000 the State had budgeted for this program. Since there was such a hue and cry in the straight press, the CDC reversed itself. I understand that the real reason was because the prisoners at Soledad Prison were taking the administration to court over censorship. The case is still pending. *The San Quentin News* has always been one of the finest examples of penal journalism and it established a format which prison publications across the country tried to follow. I remember years ago when I started a small publication at the Kansas State Industrial Reformatory at Hutchinson, called *The Harbinger*, I always looked for the *SQ News* for a lot of my copy. Administrations have always used these publications as vehicles for their own propaganda and the strength of the periodical depended on the strength of

the editor to fight for what he believed in and the progressiveness of the head of the institution who permitted this free expression. No prison publication can hope to exist if it promotes violence and riots, but it can work for the benefit of all convicts if it honestly reports the news. To a greater or lesser degree, it can help to shape the environment in which these guys find themselves. Too often the publication becomes an ego trip of the particular editor, but this type of editor doesn't last long. Support your local pen press. Some damn good writers have emerged from these publications and they have gone on into the freeworld to some sort of writing career.

Someone asked me why I do not use the term "inmate" in my columns. It's a personal aversion for the term and a dislike other men in prison have for it. "Inmate" has the connotation of a voluntary status and is promoted by prison officials along with the more ridiculous term "resident." Uncover all of the bullshit and you discover the guy is a prisoner or a convict. I do not find that a demeaning term. Inmate and resident are effete terms which try to make it more palatable to a guy who can't face up to the fact that he's in the slammer. I've met cons who refine the terms a bit more. They say a "convict" is a standup dude who won't snitch, a dude who figures his word is his bond, and a dude who has principles. Also, they say an inmate is a weak, pusillanimous turd who would turn his mother in if it would benefit him. A prisoner is a dude who is trying to do his number (prison number) without causing any waves. I plan to use convict and prisoner interchangeably, but I will not use inmate because I feel it demeans the guy behind bars.

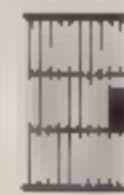
Now, some of you are probably wondering why I listed only names and addresses in the last issue. A good question. You wouldn't believe the number of guys who ask to be listed and if I included the descriptions, etc., there would be a goodly number of men who could not be listed. If you would prefer that a column not be written and only the names and vital statistics be published, let me know. Believe me, it would not break my heart. If this is what you want, I will clear the names with Prometheus and run only names from here on in. I need some input on this.

When you hear of a guy in prison who is constantly in trouble with the officials, you are prone to believe that this man will never be able to make it on the streets. Surprisingly, this is not always the case. In many instances this sort of man is more likely to make it on the outside because he refuses to be regimented, to lose his identity as a human

being, and he becomes so very difficult. He makes a personal vow never to return to prison again. I have recently heard of just such a person—Scott McKinney, No. 21025, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360—a 17 year old who is bisexual and adamant that he will never return to prison. Those who adjust very well in prison are in danger of becoming institutionalized to the point of where they become social cripples, unable to function in the free society and can only adjust in a highly structured environment such as prison. I am not advocating insurrection and rebelliousness by any means. A man must learn to abide by the rules because rules are the essence of a stable society. I am, however, making the point that men such as Scott must not be discarded, because they have the potential to making it on the outside. If any of you are interested in writing this young man, do so. You could make a material difference in whether he makes it on the outside or goes back to prison. Scott is 6'1" tall, weighs 190 pounds, and he wants some input from the outside.

If there are topics you would like to see in "Con Rap", write me in care of Drummer and I will try to address them. This is not only the convicts' column, it is the freeworld readership's also.

Jay Bates



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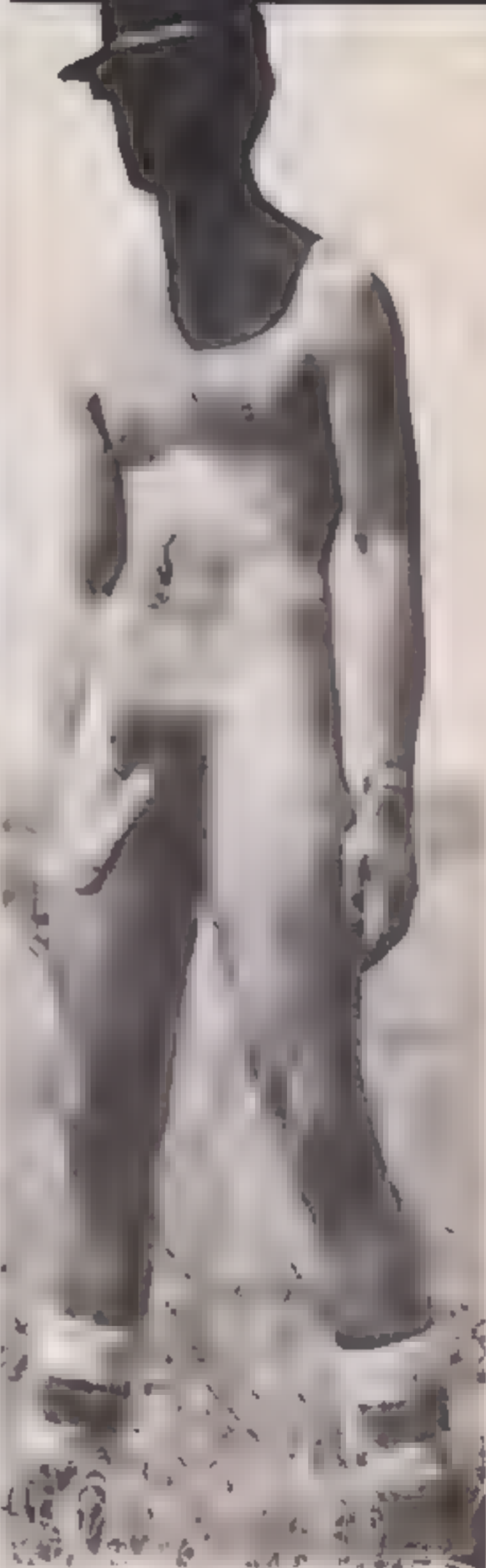


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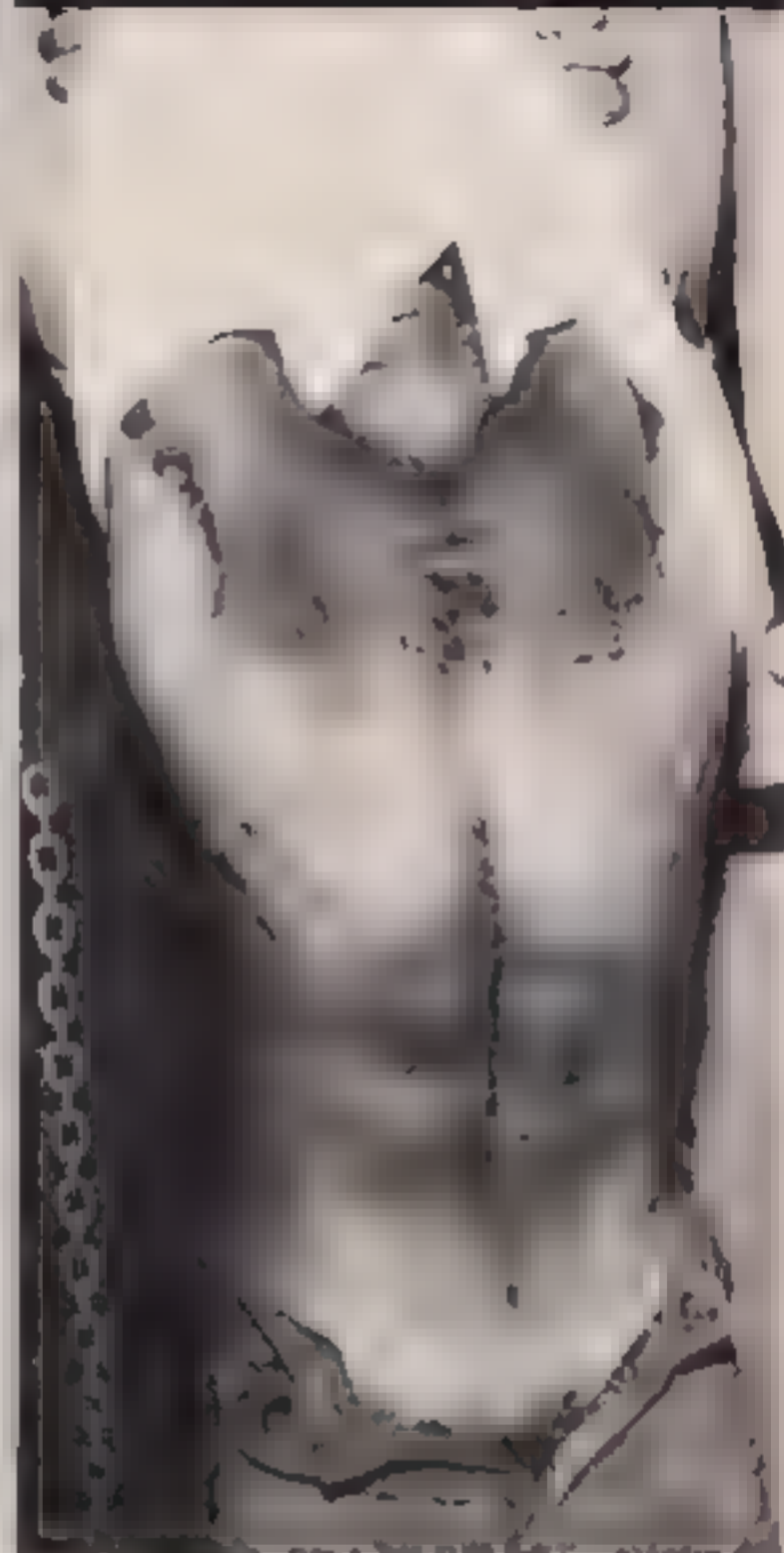
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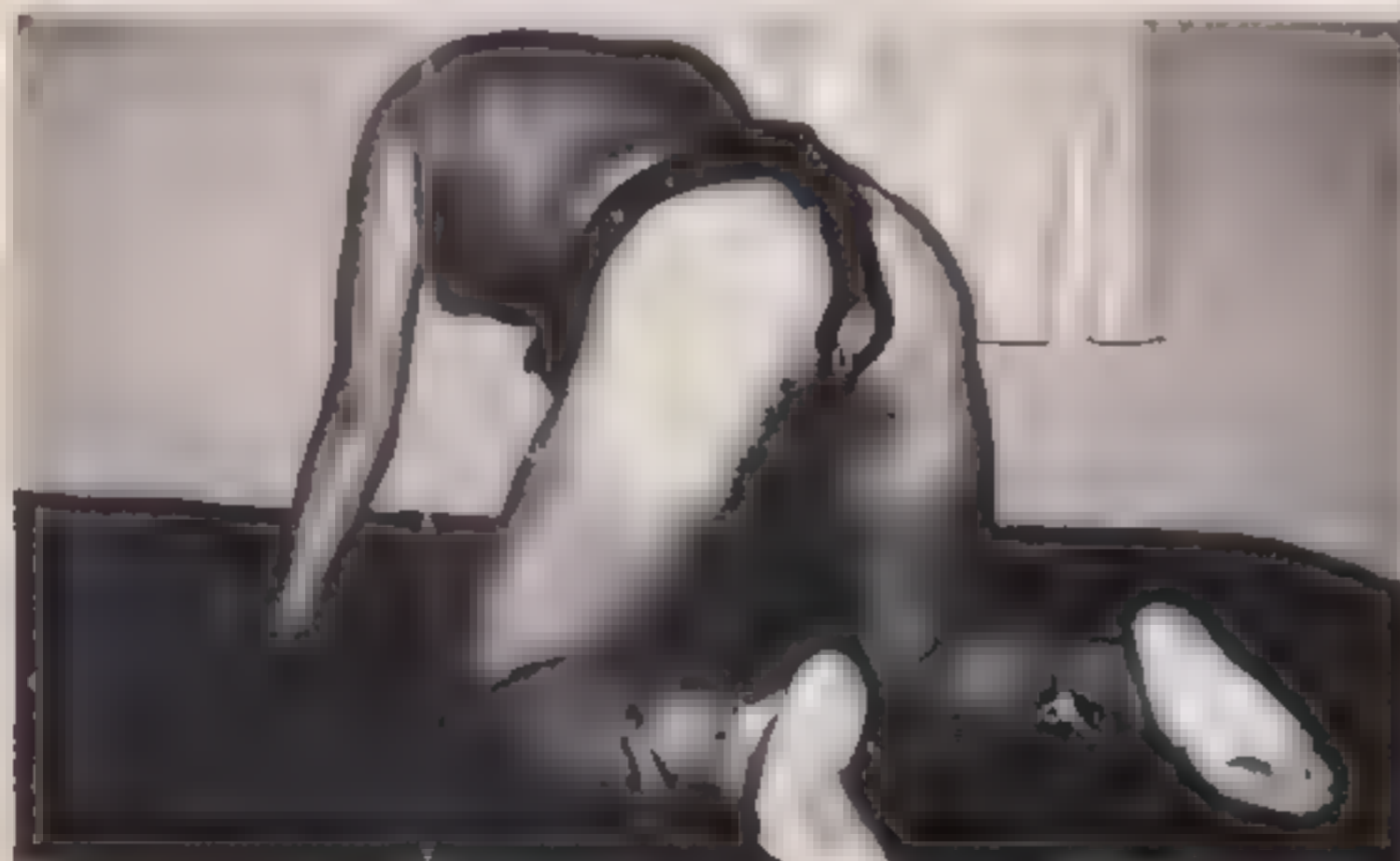
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CITY \_\_\_\_\_

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## BOY SCOUTS BRANDED IN INITIATION

(Huntsville, MO) Two men have admitted branding six Boy Scouts with a wire coat hanger as part of an initiation rite, authorities said.

One Scout, who refused to go along with the branding, said that he was threatened with castration but that the other Scouts had apparently not tried to escape and had not refused to take part in the ceremony.

J.D. Gatzmeyer, 37, and Kenneth Willard, 19, both of Huntsville, were charged with six counts of second-degree assault in connection with the incident, authorities said.

Both are free on \$10,000 bond and both have been suspended from Scouting activities pending an investigation.

Reached at his home Gatzmeyer said only, "No comment."

When told of Gatzmeyer's response, the first comment of Jackie Baxley, whose two sons were among the seven boys on the camping trip, was, "He's out of jail, then."

Mrs. Baxley said she had been besieged by questions and did not want to discuss the problem over the phone. She said her sons, 15 and 11, had been members of the Boy Scout troop "only a matter of months." Both, she said, were branded during the campout.

"There may be scarring, although we don't know as yet," she said, adding that both boys have been examined by two doctors.

Six Boy Scouts, ranging in age from 11 to 15, were branded with a coat hanger in what one of the Scouts described as a "ritual."

One of the Scouts, age 12, said Gatzmeyer sat on each boy's legs while Wil-

lard applied the hanger, which had been heated in a bonfire. The hanger had reportedly been twisted into the shape of male genitalia.

One of the victims said the Scouts were branded on their hips or arms.

"We thought it was a joke," the 12-year-old said. "We just weren't really thinking. I was pretty scared. He (Gatzmeyer) said if we didn't do it, we weren't a man."

Authorities said the Scouts were told that the branding was part of a Scouting ceremony known as the Order of the Arrow.

"He (Gatzmeyer) swore us to secrecy, or we wouldn't be able to go on any more camping trips," the 12-year-old Scout said.

"I am innocent," Willard said. "Nothings really come out in the open yet." Willard, whose father is the pastor of the First Christian Church in Huntsville, declined to answer any more questions.

Sherrill Orville Price said parents were "outraged" by the incident. He said there was no indication the Scouts were forced to participate, because one left without being chased.

"We kind of wondered why one left and the rest had the chance to leave, but stayed," Price said.

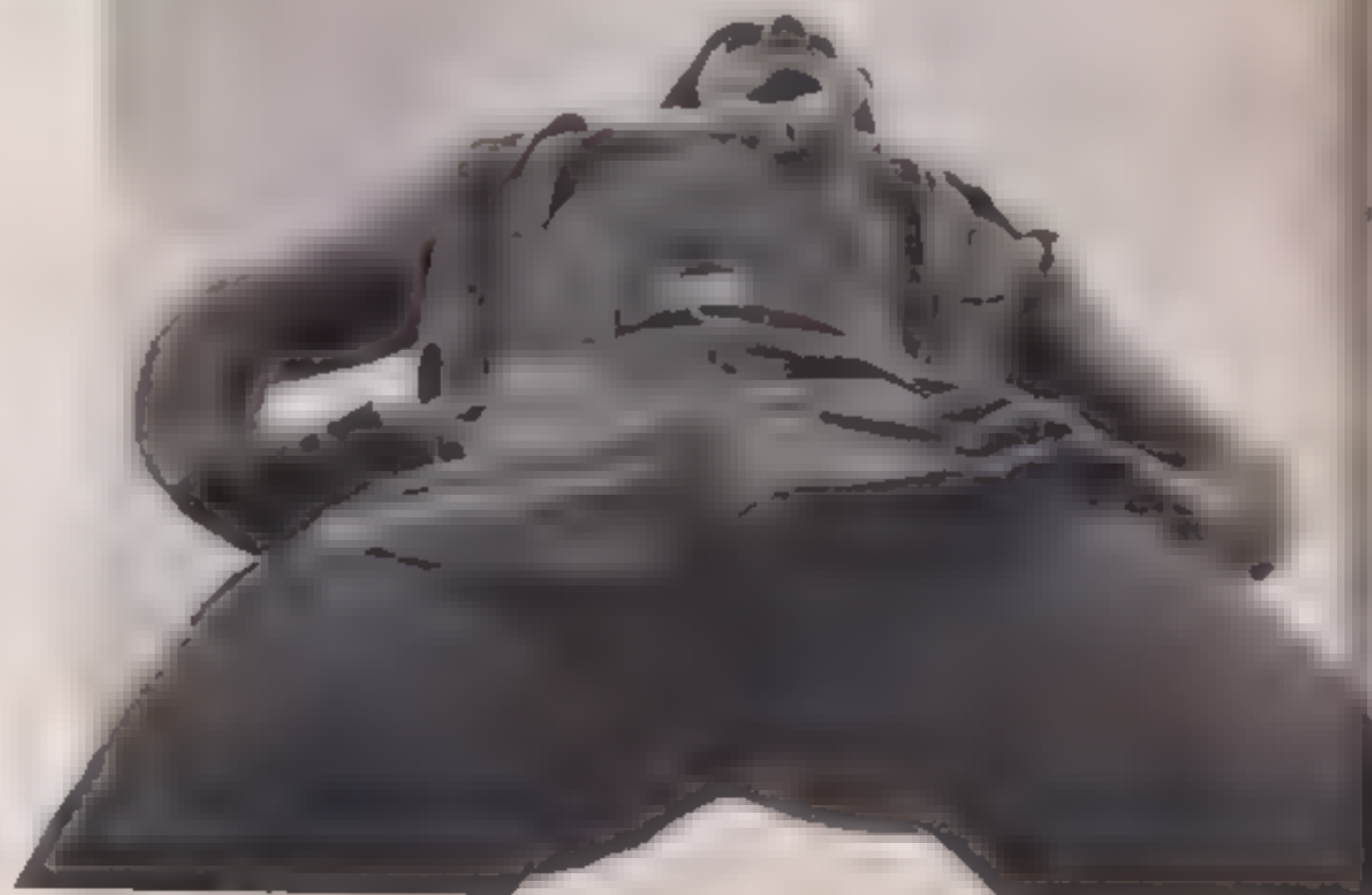
Price said the Scouts told authorities they had allowed themselves to be branded because they were told it was the "main thing to do."



Photos by Dean Mas arson

# Tough Shit

THE INDISPENSABLE COATHANGER





### IT TAKES BOTH BALLS TO BE A BASQUE COP

In Vitoria, Spain, the autonomous Basque government has released 147 prohibitions for police officer candidates, including "missing or total loss of the penis or testicles." While it is widely rumored this regulation is to prevent women from becoming peace officers, one wonders about some of the other no no's: a shaved head, large hemorrhoids, a high voice, and extreme stuttering. That leaves out about half the Los Angeles Police Department.

### ANNIE IS A TRANSIE

It seems that the original cartoon character for Little Orphan Annie was called Little Orphan Otto and had a bald head. The editor of the first newspaper to buy the strip insisted that Otto be changed to a girl. Too bad, we could have had such wonderful songs as, *My hair will grow in, tomorrow*.



### CHRISTOPHER & THE SAILOR

Christopher Atkins, who provided the beautiful naked body swimming underwater in *The Blue Lagoon*, told the *New York Times* that he was saving his money to buy a sail boat and sail around the world in 1984 with "my best friend," Dr. Dave Grundy who operated on Christopher's knees after a football accident. Says Chris, "He's a hot sailor." Now calm down, guys. He hasn't said he's looking for a crew.

### DEAD MEN PLAY HAMLET

Andre Tchaikowsky, a Polish pianist, always wanted to be an actor (but in Poland if they tell you to play the piano, if you know what's good for you, you'll play) with the Royal Shakespeare Company. Since Shakespeare never wrote any parts for Poles, Andre did the next best thing, he left his skull to be used as that of the character Yorick in *Hamlet* ("Alas, poor Yorick, I knew him well"). Mr. Tchaikowsky will be listed in the official program, but will not attend the cast party on opening night.

### EVEN GREAT COOKS EAT DADDIES

Craig Claiborne, very well-known cookbook author and gastronomic chronicler, recently came out in his memoirs, *A Feast Made for Laughter*. Mixing food stories (the first time he cooked he put a whole chicken in the oven, paper-wrapped giblets and all), travel anecdotes (it was aboard the *lie de France* on his first trip to Paris that he decided to become one of the great chefs of America), and intimate details about his boyhood in the rural South, Claiborne displayed his *piece de resistance* when he casually told his readers that he had a sexual love affair with his father. "I'm not ashamed about what happened between us," Craig revealed. Claiborne, it should be noted, is responsible for the social standing of 90% of all New York Jewish princesses.



### BURNING IDOLS

It seems a 47-year-old man in Los Angeles began setting fire to various churches because they were worshipping idols. When he was finally caught, he had torched a total of 11 churches of various persuasions. He pleaded not guilty, saying the fires were set for "religious reasons," saying that the churches were all worshipping idols instead of the true god. Sort of like the Christians throwing the Christians to the lions.

### O HOLY COCK

Back on the religious beat... a church has started in San Francisco claiming 2 million followers worldwide that worship the phallus. Gatherings consist of group suck services and/or group jack off services. According to Rev. Donald Jackson, the church pre-dates christian religious sects, and is descended from the Nymphs of Saint Priapus. The Saint Priapus Church in San Francisco holds two or three services a week so that members can celebrate their genitals, from where all life flows, according to Jackson. There are also a number of special services for various sexual needs.



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# LEATHER

## BULLETIN BOARD

I keep telling you guys, get your stuff in to me 90 days before your event. In my last column I mentioned the First Ladies United event here in San Francisco, but I received notification just before the last issue was ready to go to press. The event came off, as I knew it would, before the magazine hit the stands.



**M.C.**

**Saint Louis, Missouri**

Just got a letter from Jim St. John, President of the Gateway M.C. Now here's a man after my own heart. Jim heads up the oldest and largest motorcycle club in St. Louis. In describing the club, Jim placed in brackets the words "of our persuasion." Hey, brother, is there any other persuasion? Now, to the nitty gritty of his letter. SHOW ME NINE is their big Ninth Anniversary bash which will take place in the Gateway City on November 5, 6, & 7. You can get applications for the run through the Gateway M.C., Box 14055, St. Louis, MO 63178 or, if you are in St. Louis, drop in at their home bar, The Gateway Saloon in Martin's Complex at 201 S. 20th Street, St. Louis. It's going to be a long cold winter, men, so you can't find a better place to do your thing and get whatever warmed up but good.

The New York trip with Luke Daniel, Mr. Drummer and Mr. International Leather, is off. There just weren't enough leather men interested.

How would you guys feel about a trip to Oktoberfest 1983 in Munich, Germany, with Mr. Drummer 1983? It just might be in the offing if enough guys are interested in it. Drop me a line and let me know what you think of the idea. Meanwhile save your bucks and your vacation time. Sure, it's a long way off, but it will take a lot of planning and it could be one of the big events in a leather man's life. Whew, all those hot German bodies!

Let me give some scam you read about in Issue 57 in the Tough Shit column. I didn't read it until after it



came off the presses, so I didn't know about it. Talon's heavy duty zipper and the #5 zipper are no longer being made. When you buy leather jackets or chaps, you should find out more about the zippers that are used in the product. Texite bought out Talon and they quit making the metal for plastic zippers. The Serval zipper needs a lot of repair since it doesn't hold up very well after a lot of use. The nylon zipper, I understand, has the same chemical formula that they use in nylon bushings and only excessive heat will screw it up. No one, but no one, can generate enough action in a scene to melt it. The East German leather jacket is being made in Korea and they use black nylon. I spoke to the Leathermaker in Los Angeles this morn-

ing and he says that the YKK, a Japanese firm, makes a suitable separating zipper. Nylon and plastic are in our futures unless we really raise hell, so some manufacturer sees the bucks in giving us what we want. It's up to you. Treat your jackets and chaps like old friends, because you may find yourselves recycling your zippers when you go out to buy replacements.

Mr. Marcus, San Francisco's nimble raconteur of the leather scene, will judge the Mr. Russian River contest at The Woods during the weekend of Sept. 25-26.

Any of you ranchers or farmers who might be looking for a slave, take a look at the picture on this page. This may be the first and only time that I will show this sort of prime meat in this column. This piece of meat is 39 and has a degree in economics, is accustomed to heavy work and could prove valuable to a Master who is looking for a slave with brains as well as the headspace to serve a man. A former Navy vet, William stands 6'2", weighs in at 185. This is a serious offer, according to William so, if you are interested in adding to your stock, refer your letters to me and I will pass them on to him. Again, let me emphasize, this column is not essentially to be used to get people together, but I was so struck with this asshole's potential that I thought I should pass it on.

Finally, remember I need to know 90 days ahead of time about any events in order to get it into the publication.

— Frank Hatfield



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# LONDON LEATHER

Although Britain does have some first class newspapers, it also has its fair share of gutter press (and unfortunately they're the ones that sell the most copies). *The Daily Mirror*—which used to be a good newspaper before it started to emulate the cheap tits and burns of its two major rivals—has discovered poppers. In a shock horror expose, spread over two full pages, the mass British public were treated over breakfast to gory tales of gay deaths by inhalation of amyl. This caused a mini flutter of panic on the gay scene with *Gay News* refusing an ad from Great Lakes just for one issue, til the dust settled. It amazes me that with the world situation being as it is—the crisis in Lebanon, the terrorist bombings in London—that a national newspaper should promote drivel like this. As Lord Beaverbrook said: "A nation gets the newspapers it deserves."

A gay sports day—the second such event in this country—was held south of the Thames a few weeks back. An Earls Court bar, Harpoon Louies, challenged the Royal Vauxhall Tavern pub and the event was held behind the latter establishment in a small public park. The weather was incredibly kind, with temperatures soaring into the eighties. And it attracted a crowd of some 1000 guys. Harpoon Louies arrived in a double-decker bus laden with champagne and sandwiches, paid for by the bar's owner Cliff Bell. The afternoon was an incredible success. And a collection was taken in the crowd for Gay Switchboard. The afternoon finished off with a record quiz back in the Vauxhall. Unfortunately most people were too drunk by that time to really give a fuck what happened! An all-London event is being planned soon.

MSC London, the city's social leather club, held a garden party recently to raise money for the club. Held in a member's garden, the event attracted about 150. A barbecue had been arranged and the afternoon progressed with auctions, side stalls and 'games.' It also gave an opportunity to MSC members to get their own back on me for some of the dreadful things I've said about them in the past. I volunteered to go in the stocks and people paid real money just to throw things at me. As the evening wore on, the London ball-weight championships were held. The winning guy, a nunky sailor, managed 28 pounds hanging from his balls. He'd have taken more but the harness slipped. This was followed by a slave auction. One of the guys bought was the hottest lump of meat I've seen for a long time. But I couldn't afford him. He had a

huge eagle tattooed on his chest, short dark hair and the most muscular body And I still don't know who the fuck he was. But I'm determined to find out.

*Time Out*, London's version of *Village Voice*, recently did a survey of music played in discos throughout town. Quite a surprise. Subway, London's



raunchiest club, got the number one spot. Their music is mixed—the usual disco stuff plus (and this is how they won) a fair sprinkling of hot funk, hard reggae and modern dance. Speaking of Subway, they are now in the process of holding their annual Mr. Subway competition. Tom McCormick, the club's

manager, tells me he's having a slight problem getting the guys to bare their all. Such modesty. Especially when the capital's commercial scene has come up with such a glittering array of gay prizes. If things go well, though, I hope to be able to get a photo report together for the next issue. Then you can see just what you're missing.

London's River Thames has always split the capital down the middle. The architecture is different, the people are different and consequently gay life has been very different. The north of the river has always traditionally had the gay action. What bars there were in the south concentrated almost exclusively in drag entertainment. But in the last few months there's been a blooming of north-London type pubs. The best of the bunch seems to be The Two Brewers in Clapham. To start with it's licensed until midnight—very unusual for this country. Secondly, it's only a few minutes' walk away from Clapham Common, a notorious gay cruising area. And more to the point, only five minutes' walk from where I live! The only reservations I have about the new drinking place is that they've called the gay section Quintins Room. It seems an inappropriate name for the style of bar it is.

With the weather being what it is, the King William IV bar in Hampstead Village has been enjoying the custom of all the tanned guys who head for Hampstead Heath at this time of year. Hampstead Heath is another infamous gay cruising ground. The bar has just changed hands and has a new manager. Unfortunately last year the previous headman banned a well-known leather guy merely for wearing a little too many chains. The new man has no such policy and extends a warm welcome to everyone. If you're visiting London, check out the bar and the Heath.

A new One-day-a-week club has got off to a great start over the last month. Clubs over here have tended towards the US ideal lately and have gone for a specific gay crowd. You've got the ones for leather, the ones for frills, the ones for chickens and the ones for accountants. The Lift, however, in Soho combines the lot. Women, blacks, leather, the biggest cross-section of people you could imagine. And to everyone's surprise, it works. And provides a totally different atmosphere to anywhere else in London, or for that matter anywhere I've been in the world. I only hope they decide to extend it and open a few more nights a week. An absolute must if you're over here.

Bryan Derbyshire

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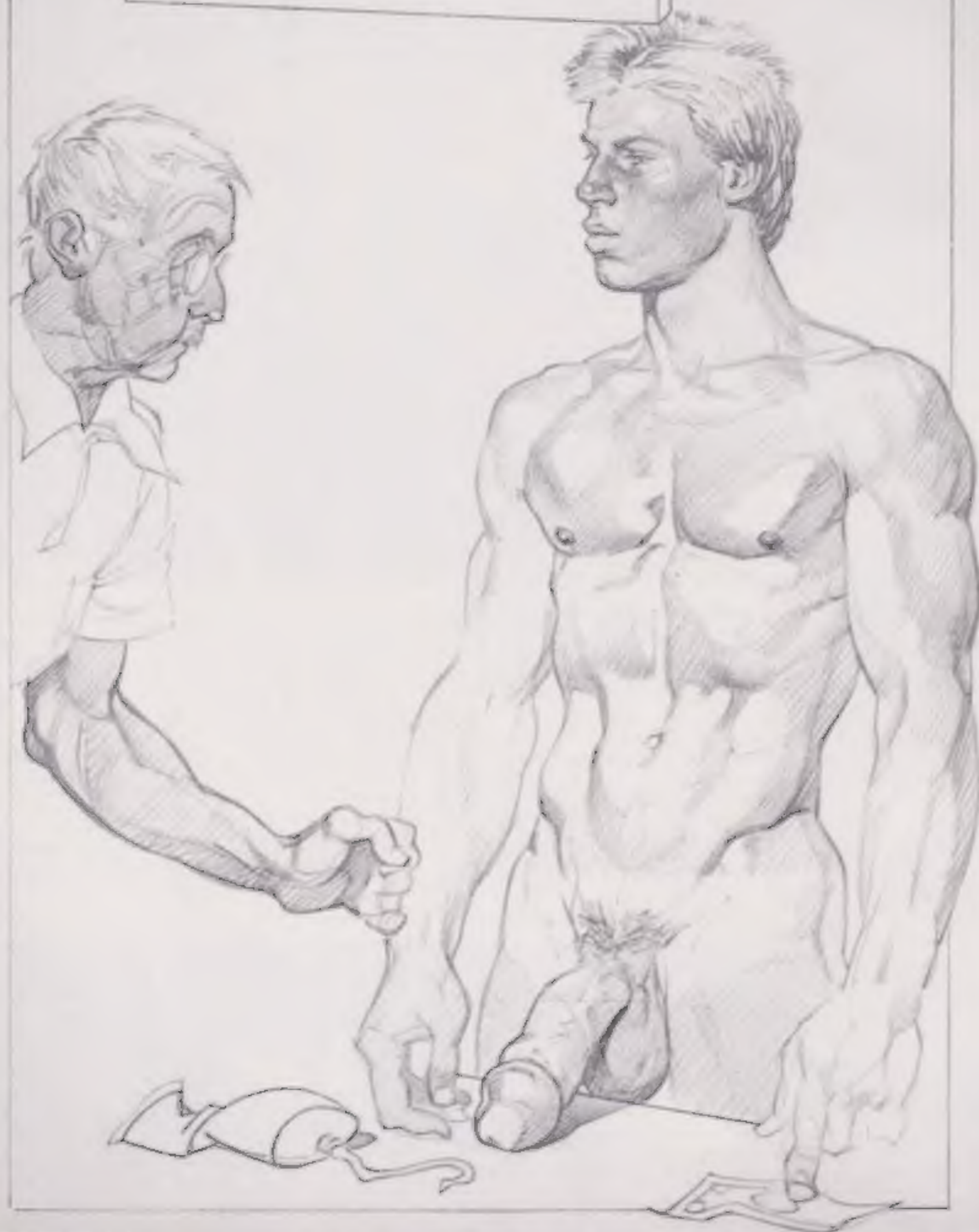


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**ALTERNATE PUBLISHING**  
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☐ Send me IN SEARCH OF OLDER MEN the minute it is off the press. Enclosed is 6 bucks in one form or another

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**YOUNGER MEN IN SEARCH OF OLDER MEN! ACTUAL CASE HISTORIES**

# INTRODUCING HIM

## Natural Vitamins Minerals and Herbs for the Sexually Active Male

HIM addresses the major issues of health that concern sexually active men: strengthening the immune system to fight infection, maintaining sexual vitality and potency, aiding in prevention of Herpes virus conditions, supporting the nervous system and combating stress in all its forms, providing nutritional insurance against degenerative disease and preventing the aging process at the cellular level.

### A Complete Nutritional Supplement

HIM is the creation of medical professionals who specialize in nutritional therapy as preventative maintenance for today's lifestyles. Their high quality formulation of all natural sustained-release ingredients is a complete nutritional supplement that is hypo-allergenic and contains no wheat, salt, sugar, artificial preservatives, coloring or flavors. Packaged in a protective, reusable plastic box, HIM contains a month's supply of 30 packets of eight tablets.

### Unique Herpes Control Formula

Genital Herpes is now the nation's major sexually-transmitted disease. Unfortunately, medical science has not yet discovered a cure for this condition, but research has provided valuable information in the use of nutritional therapy to aid in the prevention of Herpes viral outbreaks. L-Lysine has been shown to disrupt the synthesis of Herpes virus if

taken regularly in liberal amounts. Further studies document the effectiveness of Zinc and Lemon Balm with respect to Herpes conditions. HIM is the only multiple formulation combining these important ingredients.

### Develop Stress Resistance

HIM helps prevent stress-induced nutritional depletion by providing an potency B and C complex in sustained-release form. HIM contains Eleutherococcus senticosus, sometimes called Siberian Ginseng, an important botanical agent having documented anti-stress properties.

### Strengthen Immunity

The science of immunology is rapidly becoming the major frontier of medical investigation. Through the optimal functioning of our immune systems, we can prevent disease—including the degenerative diseases that are the number one killers today.

### Increase Sexual Vitality

The HIM formula contains several ingredients to achieve hormonal balance and sexual responsiveness in the male genito-urinary system. The combination of freeze-dried glandular prostate tissue, Saw Palmetto and Sarsaparilla aid in the normalization of natural sexual functioning.

### HIM Ingredients

SYNTHETIC B-COMPLEX (Sustained Release)		
One Orange-Speckled Tablet Contains:		
B-1 (Thiamine HCl)	35 mg	167%
B-2 (Riboflavin)	50 mg	3125%
B-3 (Nicotinamide)	100 mg	500%
B-5 (Pantothenic Acid)	100 mg	1675%
B-6 (Pyridoxine HCl)	50 mg	2222%
Insp	50 mg	*
Inositol	50 mg	*
Biotin	100 mcg	50%
B-12 (Cobalamin)	75 mcg	2500%
Folic Acid	400 mcg	100%
CHOLESTEROL (Sustained Release)		
Prostate Substance	50 mg	*
Saw Palmetto	50 mg	*
Sarsaparilla	50 mg	*
Siberian Ginseng	25 mg	*

ELEUTHERO C-COMPLEX (Sustained Release)		
Two Beige Tablets Contain:		
Echinacea	300 mg	*
Vitamin C	1000 mg	1667%
Lemon Balm	500 mg	*
Rutin	75 mg	*
Rose Hips	20 mg	*
Hesperidin	20 mg	*
Siberian Ginseng	5 mg	*
Vitamin A (Palmitate)	10,000 IU	200%

VITAMIN E		
One Dark Green Capsule Contains:		
Vitamin E (d-alpha-tocopherol) from mixed tocopherols		
268 mg	400 IU	4000%
Derived from natural vegetable oils		

L-LYSINE PLUS		
Two L-L-Gray-Speckled Tablets Contain:		
Lemon Balm	125 mg	*
L-Lysine	750 mg	*
Zinc**	100 mg	86%

MULTI-MINERAL		
Two Brown-Speckled Tablets Contain:		
Calcium**	400 mg	50%
Iron**	20 mg	200%
Magnesium**	175 mg	50%
Copper**	2.5 mg	100%
Chromium**	200 mcg	100%
Manganese**	200 mcg	4000%
Molybdenum**	50 mcg	*
Potassium**	55 mg	*
Selenium**	100 mcg	200%
Silica**	1000 mcg	*
Vanadium	75 mcg	*
Iodine (Potassium Iodate)	225 mcg	150%
Betaine HCL	81 mg	*
Glutamic Acid	81 mg	*
Vitamin B	25 IU	125%
In a base of Saw Palmetto and Sarsaparilla		

\*No RDA has been established \*\*Amino Acid Chelate

# HIM

Health and  
Immunity for  
Men

WINGS DISTRIBUTING/FIFTEEN HARRIET STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94103 (415) 864-3456

**YES! I want HIM.** Enclosed is my check or money order for \_\_\_\_\_ HIM at \$25.00 per box, including shipping (Calif. residents add 6% sales tax).

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